





Poems of Sentiment

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
131
132
133
134
135
136
137
138
139
140
141
142
143
144
145
146
147
148
149
150
151
152
153
154
155
156
157
158
159
160
161
162
163
164
165
166
167
168
169
170
171
172
173
174
175
176
177
178
179
180
181
182
183
184
185
186
187
188
189
190
191
192
193
194
195
196
197
198
199
200
201
202
203
204
205
206
207
208
209
210
211
212
213
214
215
216
217
218
219
220
221
222
223
224
225
226
227
228
229
229
230
231
232
233
234
235
236
237
238
239
239
240
241
242
243
244
245
246
247
248
249
249
250
251
252
253
254
255
256
257
258
259
259
260
261
262
263
264
265
266
267
268
269
269
270
271
272
273
274
275
276
277
278
279
279
280
281
282
283
284
285
286
287
288
289
289
290
291
292
293
294
295
296
297
298
299
299
300
301
302
303
304
305
306
307
308
309
309
310
311
312
313
314
315
316
317
318
319
319
320
321
322
323
324
325
326
327
328
329
329
330
331
332
333
334
335
336
337
338
339
339
340
341
342
343
344
345
346
347
348
349
349
350
351
352
353
354
355
356
357
358
359
359
360
361
362
363
364
365
366
367
368
369
369
370
371
372
373
374
375
376
377
378
379
379
380
381
382
383
384
385
386
387
388
389
389
390
391
392
393
394
395
396
397
398
399
399
400
401
402
403
404
405
406
407
408
409
409
410
411
412
413
414
415
416
417
418
419
419
420
421
422
423
424
425
426
427
428
429
429
430
431
432
433
434
435
436
437
438
439
439
440
441
442
443
444
445
446
447
448
449
449
450
451
452
453
454
455
456
457
458
459
459
460
461
462
463
464
465
466
467
468
469
469
470
471
472
473
474
475
476
477
478
479
479
480
481
482
483
484
485
486
487
488
489
489
490
491
492
493
494
495
496
497
498
499
499
500
501
502
503
504
505
506
507
508
509
509
510
511
512
513
514
515
516
517
518
519
519
520
521
522
523
524
525
526
527
528
529
529
530
531
532
533
534
535
536
537
538
539
539
540
541
542
543
544
545
546
547
548
549
549
550
551
552
553
554
555
556
557
558
559
559
560
561
562
563
564
565
566
567
568
569
569
570
571
572
573
574
575
576
577
578
579
579
580
581
582
583
584
585
586
587
588
589
589
590
591
592
593
594
595
596
597
598
599
599
600
601
602
603
604
605
606
607
608
609
609
610
611
612
613
614
615
616
617
618
619
619
620
621
622
623
624
625
626
627
628
629
629
630
631
632
633
634
635
636
637
638
639
639
640
641
642
643
644
645
646
647
648
649
649
650
651
652
653
654
655
656
657
658
659
659
660
661
662
663
664
665
666
667
668
669
669
670
671
672
673
674
675
676
677
678
679
679
680
681
682
683
684
685
686
687
688
689
689
690
691
692
693
694
695
696
697
698
699
699
700
701
702
703
704
705
706
707
708
709
709
710
711
712
713
714
715
716
717
718
719
719
720
721
722
723
724
725
726
727
728
729
729
730
731
732
733
734
735
736
737
738
739
739
740
741
742
743
744
745
746
747
748
749
749
750
751
752
753
754
755
756
757
758
759
759
760
761
762
763
764
765
766
767
768
769
769
770
771
772
773
774
775
776
777
778
779
779
780
781
782
783
784
785
786
787
788
789
789
790
791
792
793
794
795
796
797
798
799
799
800
801
802
803
804
805
806
807
808
809
809
810
811
812
813
814
815
816
817
818
819
819
820
821
822
823
824
825
826
827
828
829
829
830
831
832
833
834
835
836
837
838
839
839
840
841
842
843
844
845
846
847
848
849
849
850
851
852
853
854
855
856
857
858
859
859
860
861
862
863
864
865
866
867
868
869
869
870
871
872
873
874
875
876
877
878
879
879
880
881
882
883
884
885
886
887
888
889
889
890
891
892
893
894
895
896
897
898
899
899
900
901
902
903
904
905
906
907
908
909
909
910
911
912
913
914
915
916
917
918
919
919
920
921
922
923
924
925
926
927
928
929
929
930
931
932
933
934
935
936
937
938
939
939
940
941
942
943
944
945
946
947
948
949
949
950
951
952
953
954
955
956
957
958
959
959
960
961
962
963
964
965
966
967
968
969
969
970
971
972
973
974
975
976
977
978
979
979
980
981
982
983
984
985
986
987
988
989
989
990
991
992
993
994
995
996
997
998
999
999
1000
1001
1002
1003
1004
1005
1006
1007
1008
1009
1009
1010
1011
1012
1013
1014
1015
1016
1017
1018
1019
1019
1020
1021
1022
1023
1024
1025
1026
1027
1028
1029
1029
1030
1031
1032
1033
1034
1035
1036
1037
1038
1039
1039
1040
1041
1042
1043
1044
1045
1046
1047
1048
1049
1049
1050
1051
1052
1053
1054
1055
1056
1057
1058
1059
1059
1060
1061
1062
1063
1064
1065
1066
1067
1068
1069
1069
1070
1071
1072
1073
1074
1075
1076
1077
1078
1079
1079
1080
1081
1082
1083
1084
1085
1086
1087
1088
1089
1089
1090
1091
1092
1093
1094
1095
1096
1097
1098
1099
1099
1100
1101
1102
1103
1104
1105
1106
1107
1108
1109
1109
1110
1111
1112
1113
1114
1115
1116
1117
1118
1119
1119
1120
1121
1122
1123
1124
1125
1126
1127
1128
1129
1129
1130
1131
1132
1133
1134
1135
1136
1137
1138
1139
1139
1140
1141
1142
1143
1144
1145
1146
1147
1148
1149
1149
1150
1151
1152
1153
1154
1155
1156
1157
1158
1159
1159
1160
1161
1162
1163
1164
1165
1166
1167
1168
1169
1169
1170
1171
1172
1173
1174
1175
1176
1177
1178
1179
1179
1180
1181
1182
1183
1184
1185
1186
1187
1188
1189
1189
1190
1191
1192
1193
1194
1195
1196
1197
1198
1199
1199
1200
1201
1202
1203
1204
1205
1206
1207
1208
1209
1209
1210
1211
1212
1213
1214
1215
1216
1217
1218
1219
1219
1220
1221
1222
1223
1224
1225
1226
1227
1228
1229
1229
1230
1231
1232
1233
1234
1235
1236
1237
1238
1239
1239
1240
1241
1242
1243
1244
1245
1246
1247
1248
1249
1249
1250
1251
1252
1253
1254
1255
1256
1257
1258
1259
1259
1260
1261
1262
1263
1264
1265
1266
1267
1268
1269
1269
1270
1271
1272
1273
1274
1275
1276
1277
1278
1279
1279
1280
1281
1282
1283
1284
1285
1286
1287
1288
1289
1289
1290
1291
1292
1293
1294
1295
1296
1297
1298
1299
1299
1300
1301
1302
1303
1304
1305
1306
1307
1308
1309
1309
1310
1311
1312
1313
1314
1315
1316
1317
1318
1319
1319
1320
1321
1322
1323
1324
1325
1326
1327
1328
1329
1329
1330
1331
1332
1333
1334
1335
1336
1337
1338
1339
1339
1340
1341
1342
1343
1344
1345
1346
1347
1348
1349
1349
1350
1351
1352
1353
1354
1355
1356
1357
1358
1359
1359
1360
1361
1362
1363
1364
1365
1366
1367
1368
1369
1369
1370
1371
1372
1373
1374
1375
1376
1377
1378
1379
1379
1380
1381
1382
1383
1384
1385
1386
1387
1388
1389
1389
1390
1391
1392
1393
1394
1395
1396
1397
1398
1399
1399
1400
1401
1402
1403
1404
1405
1406
1407
1408
1409
1409
1410
1411
1412
1413
1414
1415
1416
1417
1418
1419
1419
1420
1421
1422
1423
1424
1425
1426
1427
1428
1429
1429
1430
1431
1432
1433
1434
1435
1436
1437
1438
1439
1439
1440
1441
1442
1443
1444
1445
1446
1447
1448
1449
1449
1450
1451
1452
1453
1454
1455
1456
1457
1458
1459
1459
1460
1461
1462
1463
1464
1465
1466
1467
1468
1469
1469
1470
1471
1472
1473
1474
1475
1476
1477
1478
1479
1479
1480
1481
1482
1483
1484
1485
1486
1487
1488
1489
1489
1490
1491
1492
1493
1494
1495
1496
1497
1498
1499
1499
1500
1501
1502
1503
1504
1505
1506
1507
1508
1509
1509
1510
1511
1512
1513
1514
1515
1516
1517
1518
1519
1519
1520
1521
1522
1523
1524
1525
1526
1527
1528
1529
1529
1530
1531
1532
1533
1534
1535
1536
1537
1538
1539
1539
1540
1541
1542
1543
1544
1545
1546
1547
1548
1549
1549
1550
1551
1552
1553
1554
1555
1556
1557
1558
1559
1559
1560
1561
1562
1563
1564
1565
1566
1567
1568
1569
1569
1570
1571
1572
1573
1574
1575
1576
1577
1578
1579
1579
1580
1581
1582
1583
1584
1585
1586
1587
1588
1589
1589
1590
1591
1592
1593
1594
1595
1596
1597
1598
1599
1599
1600
1601
1602
1603
1604
1605
1606
1607
1608
1609
1609
1610
1611
1612
1613
1614
1615
1616
1617
1618
1619
1619
1620
1621
1622
1623
1624
1625
1626
1627
1628
1629
1629
1630
1631
1632
1633
1634
1635
1636
1637
1638
1639
1639
1640
1641
1642
1643
1644
1645
1646
1647
1648
1649
1649
1650
1651
1652
1653
1654
1655
1656
1657
1658
1659
1659
1660
1661
1662
1663
1664
1665
1666
1667
1668
1669
1669
1670
1671
1672
1673
1674
1675
1676
1677
1678
1679
1679
1680
1681
1682
1683
1684
1685
1686
1687
1688
1689
1689
1690
1691
1692
1693
1694
1695
1696
1697
1698
1699
1699
1700
1701
1702
1703
1704
1705
1706
1707
1708
1709
1709
1710
1711
1712
1713
1714
1715
1716
1717
1718
1719
1719
1720
1721
1722
1723
1724
1725
1726
1727
1728
1729
1729
1730
1731
1732
1733
1734
1735
1736
1737
1738
1739
1739
1740
1741
1742
1743
1744
1745
1746
1747
1748
1749
1749
1750
1751
1752
1753
1754
1755
1756
1757
1758
1759
1759
1760
1761
1762
1763
1764
1765
1766
1767
1768
1769
1769
1770
1771
1772
1773
1774
1775
1776
1777
1778
1779
1779
1780
1781
1782
1783
1784
1785
1786
1787
1788
1789
1789
1790
1791
1792
1793
1794
1795
1796
1797
1798
1799
1799
1800
1801
1802
1803
1804
1805
1806
1807
1808
1809
1809
1810
1811
1812
1813
1814
1815
1816
1817
1818
1819
1819
1820
1821
1822
1823
1824
1825
1826
1827
1828
1829
1829
1830
1831
1832
1833
1834
1835
1836
1837
1838
1839
1839
1840
1841
1842
1843
1844
1845
1846
1847
1848
1849
1849
1850
1851
1852
1853
1854
1855
1856
1857
1858
1859
1859
1860
1861
1862
1863
1864
1865
1866
1867
1868
1869
1869
1870
1871
1872
1873
1874
1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1879
1880
1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1899
1900
1901
1902
1903
1904
1905
1906
1907
1908
1909
1909
1910
1911
1912
1913
1914
1915
1916
1917
1918
1919
1919
1920
1921
1922
1923
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929
1929
1930
1931
1932
1933
1934
1935
1936
1937
1938
1939
1939
1940
1941
1942
1943
1944
1945
1946
1947
1948
1949
1949
1950
1951
1952
1953
1954
1955
1956
1957
1958
1959
1959
1960
1961
1962
1963
1964
1965
1966
1967
1968
1969
1969
1970
1971
1972
1973
1974
1975
1976
1977
1978
1979
1979
1980
1981
1982
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1989
1990
1991
1992
1993
1994
1995
1996
1997
1998
1999
1999
2000
2001
2002
2003
2004
2005
2006
2007
2008
2009
2009
2010
2011
2012
2013
2014
2015
2016
2017
2018
2019
2019
2020
2021
2022
2023
2024
2025
2026
2027
2028
2029
2029
2030
2031
2032
2033
2034
2035
2036
2037
2038
2039
2039
2040
2041
2042
2043
2044
2045
2046
2047
2048
2049
2049
2050
2051
2052
2053
2054
2055
2056
2057
2058
2059
2059
2060
2061
2062
2063
2064
2065
2066
2067
2068
2069
2069
2070
2071
2072<br

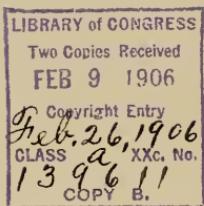
HARMAN PUBLISHING CO.
VALLEY FALLS AND OSKALOOSA, KAN.

Copyright by Colefax, Burgoyne, Harman, 1893

PS 3515

A 61 P8

1905



DEDICATION

TO THE SACRED MEMORY OF

MY KIND AND NOBLE PARENTS

NOAH HARMAN HARMAN

AND

EMILY BURGOYNE HARMAN

WHO LOVINGLY IMBUED ME WITH THE INSPIRATION

AND THE DETERMINATION TO DO WHAT-

EVER OF GOOD I MAY EVER

BE ABLE TO ACCOMPLISH I

MOST DEVOTEDLY INSCRIBE THIS VOLUME

COLFAX BURGOYNE HARMAN

To Our First Born—Hugo C. Harrigan



There is a sweeter, richer joy to me
In one dear, precious life which truly loves me,
Than in a world of glitter and of gold,
Or kingdom of stale honor and vain glory.



COLFAX BURGOYNE HARMAN

Biographical

Biographical

Noah Harman Harman, eldest of eleven children of Solomon and Elizabeth Harman, was born in Pendleton county, West Virginia, January 24th, 1829, married Miss Emily Jane Burgoyne November 19th 1853 and emigrated to Kansas in 1857, traveling by steamboat from St. Louis to Leavenworth, and from there to a spot $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Valley Falls, where he occupied a claim, which he increased to a farm of 1440 acres. Here he lived until his death, November 16, 1897.

Altho there were few schools in West Virginia N. H. Harman qualified himself to teach, principally by individual study at night, using a pine torch for a light, passed examinations in West Virginia, Ohio and Kansas, and taught school 17 years, being the leading spirit in the erection of "Harman" or "Peter's Creek" school house on his farm.

September 9th, 1890, the Farmers' Vindicator was founded by him and the last ten years of his life were devoted to editing that weekly and increasing its circulation to nearly 2,000. He never aspired to office but for many years was called upon to act as justice of the peace and school director.

Four brothers of N. H. Harman were ministers but his convictions were those of the Agnostic, or Liberal—confessing his inability to grasp the infinite. Of his character we quote from the pen of S. R. Shepherd, a lifelong associate and friend:

"His mind was stored with the knowledge which is gathered from a life time of thoughtful investigation in the fields of science, religion, philosophy, history and classic literature. In the observance of the moral code of conduct, in the exercise of charity in the practice of

Biographical

the cardinal virtues of private life and in all those traits of character which give men standing among their fellows, he was the peer of the highest and best in the community.

"His religion was as broad as the universe. It was the religion of humanity. He ever sought to widen the boundaries of human thought, to exalt the conceptions of human aspiration and to make the earth a sweeter, grander home for man.

"He believed in the religion of good deeds, of honesty, of cheerful hope and tender sympathy, in the religion of love and liberty, of human kindness, of charity and of intellectual hospitality. And as he lived so he died.

"His genial courtesy, his sterling integrity and his faithfulness to his convictions of right and duty will keep his memory forever green in the hearts of all who knew him."

Emily Jane Burgoyne was a daughter of an English navigator, a cousin of the British General. "General" Burgoyne, as he was also called, married Miss Burnett, a French woman, became active in West Virginia politics and held office nearly a score of years, but lost nearly all his possessions during the civil war. Mrs. N. H. Harman was a woman of unlimited energy and tireless industry, a fitting help meet for a hardy pioneer who left his mountain home to make Kansas a free state. The mother of nine children, thru drouth and famine and the perils of war, she was ever the unswerving main-stay of the home. She united with the church at an early age, and two of her brothers were ministers, but in maturer years, her faith rested in humanity and her religion was to do good. Intellectual, thoughtful, sincere—she was kind, ever patient, forgiving, loving, devoting her life-effort to duty and to the welfare of those she loved. In the fall of 1897 Mrs. Harman sustained a fall from a carriage which caused her death, after lingering two years.

Biographical

Of the nine children—Noah Webster was born in West Virginia, educated in the Kansas State University and the Agricultural College, and taught school eight years. Miss Alice Francis became his wife and four children share their new home a half mile east of the old place.

Charles Fourier attended the State University, taught eight years, was admitted at the bar, patented two elevating devices and was assassinated May 5th 1894, leaving a wife and four children.

David Hume and Andrew met death by accident in infancy: (The former fell against a nail which penetrated the skull.) The latter was struck in the temple by a sharp corn-stalk while playing battle.

Miss May Frances was graduated in the State Normal and the Agricultural College, taking post graduate work at the latter place. She has also taken special courses in Harvard University, Chicago University and Chicago Art Institute. She is now Principal of the Art Department of the Kansas City Kansas High School.

Mrs. Cynthia Lockhart Zimmerman attended the State Agricultural College four years and taught several terms. She married John A. Zimmerman, also of the Kansas State Agricultural College. They own the Valley Falls, Rock Creek and Meriden telephone systems, and have two children.

John Bright Harman was graduated in the K. S. A. C., class of 1896 and has devoted his attention to farming and raising thoroughbred livestock. He also owns irrigated farms near Colorado City, Colorado, where he resides, with his wife, formerly Miss Sarah Evans, also a student of the K. S. A. C. They have one child.

Mrs. Emma Hortensia Patten took a business college course after leaving high school and was also graduated in the K. S. A. C. in 1896. She married John V. Patten, a member of the same class. They are operating a factory in Chicago and have one child.

Biographical

Colfax Burgoyne Harman was born November 24th, 1869, 3½ miles from Valley Falls, Kansas. He worked on his father's farm till the age of 18 and completed the Valley Falls High School course in 1890 and the State Normal regular course in 1894, also the military course and special work in Higher Criticism. Hard work, learned on the farm, applied to his studies, enabled him to pass as many as seven branches in a term and secure an average grade of 94 on all studies in the State Normal course. When a boy literature, history biography and theology were his favorite topics, and many spare moments were spent in the orchard or woods reading, speaking, or writing in verse. In both schools he was chosen class poet. Owing to parental influence the subject of this sketch, totally abstained from the use of alcohol and narcotics and refrained from profanity and making a wager of any kind. In 1890 a pamphlet, "Shylock's Judgment" was issued and sold, and later "Redeemed by Love," a temperance play was printed.

C. B. Harman entered the newspaper business on leaving the Normal, and for three years, with J. A. Zimmerman, issued an anti-trust ready print for about thirty papers. This partnership also constructed Anti-trust, Independent telephone exchanges in Valley Falls, Rock Creek, Meriden, Baldwin and Bridgeport, Oklahoma, and founded the Jefferson County Tribune at Oskaloosa, also bought the Meriden Tribune and the Daily Patriot plant at Atchison.

Selling the telephone exchanges to Zimmerman, C. B. Harman ran the Tribune and Vindicator alone till November 1902 when he sold a half interest to Geo. H. Harman. The Harman Publishing Company now owns a third paper the Oskaloosa Times and publishes a fourth, the Valley Falls New Era.

C. B. Harman is secretary of the N. H. Harman Co. and has for eight years been a director, auditor and member of the executive board of The Co-operative Insurance Company of Topeka, of which N. H. Harman was one of the founders. Miss Gertrude Crumb, of Burlingame, also of the State Normal School, became the wife of the subject of this sketch Nov. 19th, 1898 and they have three children, Hugo C. Carol and Crystal.

Index

Index

A Birthday Prayer.....	34
A Conundrum.....	112
A Criticism and A Wish.....	144
Adieu.....	316
A Death In The Night.....	86
A Fizzle.....	262
Afterwhiles.....	25
A Gentleman	348
Ah Homeward Go!.....	66
A Home Beyond.....	234
Ah Why Not We?.....	104
A Hymn.....	145
A Husband Wanted.....	200
A Lament—Slander.....	303
Alcohol.....	332
A Little Star.....	78
Alumni Poem.....	248
Alumni Poem	87
All is O'er.....	341
Alumni Reception.....	265
Ambition	193
An Old Home.....	189
A Ruined Rose.....	77
A Rustic Tragedy	305
A Satire.....	156
A Sonnet—Forgiven.....	44
A Sonnet—Mistrust.....	46
A Sonnet To Summer.....	38
A Song of Acceptance.....	270
A Song—Eula Lee.....	230
A Song of Quivera.....	113
A Skeptic's Thought.....	284
Ask Me Not.....	318
A Simple Love Story.....	296
A Tale of Love.....	81
A Tale of Woe.....	124
A Winter Evening.....	140
Betz and Betsey.....	311
Birthday of Two Young Ladies.....	205
Birthday Surprise Party.....	237
Boating In The Dark.....	100
Bread and Butter.....	174
Clouds.....	39

Index

Come Back	314
Coming Thru The Aisle.	164
Conservatism	41
Constancy.	332
Death of A Friend.	220
Death of An Aged Woman.	267
Despondency.	328
Despair	315
Devotion	124
Did God Make Satan?	94
Doloris.	336
Do You Think of Me?	146
Elopement.	295
Enroute	191
Extermination of The Bison.	288
Falling Leaves	141
Farewell Old Normal Halls	263
Gentlemen Seniors of 90 and 4.	166
Gratitude.	143
Gratitude.	107
Hawaii Shall Be Free.	273
High School Commencement Poem.	221
High School Literary	209
Homely Jake.	269
Hop Tea.	337
How Kind.	228
Humility	233
Human Sympathy.	50
If You Were By My Side	235
I Haye Left My Heart Behind.	173
I Love You.	162
I Miss Thee.	214
In Imitation of Don Juan.	151
Intellect and Love—A Sonnet.	53
Joy.	348
Joy and Sorrow.	85
Just Why.	134
Kindness.	60
Life.	21
Loss of A Dear Friend.	308
Loss of Friendship.	319
Love and Joy.	187
Love's Dawn	33
Love's Delirium.	188
Love's Endurance.	69
Love In Death.	61

Index

Lovelorn.....	331
Love's Rebuke.....	335
Love's Return.....	76
Love of Woman.....	300
Manilla Bay	345
May I Come Home.....	172
Misgivings	151
Mortal Destiny.....	290
Musings.....	137, 219 and 236
My Pastime.....	108
My Ship.....	36
No Panacea.....	96
Normal Bells.....	161
Normal Wings.....	216
Not to Have and to Hold	147
O Can I Wait?.....	122
O Come To Me.....	177
Optimism.....	343
Our Friend Adieu.	219
Out In The Street.....	54
O Windy Day.....	59
Philomathian.....	258
Philomathian Jubilee.....	286
Proem	17
Punishment.....	121
Purity	159
Rangers.....	101
Reconciliation	58
Redeemed By Love.....	178
Refuge.....	261
Remorse Over Death of Loved One.....	323
Resignation.....	135
Respite	152
Rest.....	232
Retrospective.....	333
Returned.....	106
Rose.....	218
Satisfied.....	56
Shylock's Judgment.....	274
Silence	344
Skating.....	155
Sleep	63
Snow	105
Song—Minnie May	171
Sonnet to a Mountain.....	109
Sonnet In Return For Flowers.....	95
Sonnet—To Shakespeare.....	51

Index

Sonnet to Sorrow.....	40
Sowing.....	271
Speak One Kind Word.....	287
The Acknowledgment.....	241
The Holiday.....	150
The House of Stone.....	285
The Log Book.....	136
The Parting from Pussy.....	176
The Past.....	301
The Silent River.....	142
The Singer—A Sonnet.....	47
The Soul's Thirst For Solace.....	291
The Spirit of The Hour.....	194
Time and Eternity.....	190
To Ella.....	97
To Washington	32
To Whittier	42
Truth Will Triumph.....	272
Turn Thy Face to The Sun.....	35
Two Conflicts.....	268
The Blossom and Briar.....	343
The Afterglow.....	346
'Tis Autumn	43
The Aftermath	45
The Conqueror.....	339
To Woman.....	49
To The Dawn.....	55
To A Teacher.....	65
The Answer.....	70
To The Snow.....	72
The Blossom and The Maid.....	75
The Muito-Martyr.....	110
The Skepto-Maniac.....	111
To Our Soldiers In Blue.....	120
To A Friend.....	163
The Ways of Life.....	215
The Sweetest Thought	322
To My Landlord.....	334
When Death Comes.....	57
Why They Went.....	192
Who Is My Friend Tonight?.....	321
Where Is My Home?.....	67
Youth and Age.....	318
You Know Why	68
You Love Me	48
You Are Happy Today.....	52
You Hold My Heart Forever.....	340

Proem.

IN hours of gladness and in doleful days
Of sorrow, issued forth these little lays.
As summer sunbeams in a cloudless sky,
Some thrilled my being when hope's sun was high;
Some welled up in my troubled heart and brain,
As mighty maelstrom in a stormy main;
Some in the glow of love's mellifluent light,
And some in gloom of grief and sorrow's night.

Judge not too harshly, I no honors claim,
Nor yearn to scale the laureled heights of fame.
My form is flesh, my mind finite I know;
And clumsy fowls fly best by flying low.

I would not boast. The ever-during years
That drift away, thru mingled joys and tears
Have taught me as their changing courses run
That, great or small, we count at last but one—
That, low or high, God's number is just one.

“Of sentiment, and Songs of Vanished Years”!

A tender theme, yet one has cause for fears
The sentiment be maudlin and the songs
But dirges o'er the dead past and its wrongs.
Still, if in fond remembrance' jeweled case
I add a velvet lining, or efface
One blot which might a menace ever be
Unto the holy joys of memory,
Or give a moment's peace in place of pain,
Perhaps that sentiment is not in vain.

I would my lines could teach first and above
All else truth, justice, sympathy and love.
I would they might impress, if anything
That hatred is the serpent's deadly sting.

Search where you will thru-out the realm of tho't,
Sum up the whole of sin and evil wrought,
Explore all fields where dreamers ambulate
And you will find no deadlier thing than hate.
And prejudice all moral law defies,
In baffling truth and blinding justice' eyes.

If my poor rhymes impress but these and place
A premium on kindness and menace
The vile and bad, and if they tend to show
That penalties attach where'er we go,
That nemesis of wrong comes sure and fast
Before life's grand denouement can be passed,
That charm of womanhood and manhood's might
Depend on virtuous thought and living right,
And teach humility and gratitude,
That happiness consists in doing good,
That sinful thoughts bring evil deeds, and show
That folly leads to vice and vice to woe—
Should they teach these the cherished aim I prize,
My fondest hope, I then would realize.

I love my lines, to me they long have been
A source of solace. From the noise and din
Of business, from the farmers ceaseless strife,
Newspaper cares, and "strenuous" college life,
I love to disappear an hour—a day—
In solitude to dream the time away.

Perhaps in shady grot 'mid damasked bowers
When nature wears her sweetest springtime
flowers;
Where breathing zephyrs, harbingers of ease,
Waft perfume of the flowers and budding trees;
Where-by some purling brook flows to the sea,
Alike our lifetide toward eternity.

There where, in early dawn, resplendent light
Subdues the somber darkness of the night;
There when at noon the glorious orb of day
To faith and righteousness points out the way;
And in the eve the golden setting-sun
Suggests the end—our erring earth-life done.

An hour with nature's wondrous works to scan
One must return a wiser, better man.
'Mid balmy beauties of a Kansas clime
What soul who sees could save himself from
rhyme?
Such dear diversion is a grand soul-feast,
And may my lines be harmless, say the least.
Again your clemency, in hopes and fears
To dedicate my songs of vanished years.

Life

It seems, sometimes, the stern decree of
fate—

That there shall be no rose without its thorn—
No life without its woe—would indicate
'Twere better were we mortals never born.

It seems, sometimes, when we have toiled for
years

To gain some end, yet won but scoffer's frown,
That life is full of failure and of tears
And one is wisest who would cast it down.

The good and ill are ever side by side.

There is no day but has succeeding night.
Enjoyment goes with grief, what e'er betide.
Eternally the wrong pursues the right.

We love, but love can change to bitter scorn.

We joy, and pay the penalty in tears.
Youth, health and hope and love in life's bright
morn—
Decrepitude—then death, thus end our years.

If life is full of profit and of loss—
Is fraught alike with pleasure and with pain—
Why purchase both the silver and the dross?
And, doing so, pray tell where is the gain?

With weal and woe life seems a doleful mission.
With thorns and roses ever side by side,
Why wait and pine for hope's glad sweet fruition?
Why live with death so painfully allied?

Yet rarest blossoms grow close by the thorn,
Else ruthless hands would pluck them e'er they bloom;
And less of beauty would the fields adorn,
And summer lose its freshness and perfume.

Yet loveliest lives abide in lasting grief,
And purest souls emerge from deepest woe.
Long years of suffering, without relief,
Refine the noblest characters we know.

Were flowers and pleasures easy to obtain
Possession might not then be worth the care.
Our effort makes much sweeter what we gain,
We relish riding after paying fare.

For apples growing nearest to the sun
The small boy risks the highest, hardest fall;
Altho upon the ground there may be one
Much larger that he will not touch at all.

The aim most difficult is what we crave,
The bravest deed is that of which we boast.
In fact what e'er we feel we cannot have
We mortals seem to ever long for most.

Warmth would oppress without the winter's
chill,
The day be dull, unbroken by the night,
And love insipid knew we not the thrill
Of disappointment and of sorrow's blight.

A paradox it seems, and yet 'tis so—
Our sorrows are but blessings in disguise,
And life is far, far dearer that we know
The loftiest and lowliest creature dies.

This life is one great smelter, grief, the fire,
Expels the coarser elements and dross
And lifts the soul (the metal) standard higher
With but apparent, no intrinsic, loss.

This life is one grand school of discipline.
Adversity, the teacher, stern, severe,
Has truant laws with no age limit in,
And old and young pay penalties most dear.

There is a rose for each and every thorn,
A glorious day for every night of gloom.
Some glad young heart is ushered in life's morn
For every soul who sinks into the tomb.

There is indeed a balm for those who weep,
A rest for those aweary of their care.
Long-suffering souls, who constant vigil keep,
Some day will hear an answer to their prayer.

Aye let us then be gratified to give,
Contented, do what good we can to-day.
Live and not "let" but help mankind to live:
A maxim it is well to keep alway.

Afterwhiles

J was borne to the realm of the afterwhiles,
In the arms of my muse, thru the dreary miles
And mists of the future that lapse and span
The mortal now and the goal of man.

I was borne to the realm of the future years,
Far out of this sorrowful vale of tears
And into the cycle that is to be,
Where man from the sins of the flesh may be free,
Where no wrong prevails, where no sin defiles,
In the beautiful realm of the afterwhiles.

O the afterwhiles! the afterwhiles!
Thru morrow's mists a million miles,
Afar from the realm of the minds of men,
Beyond the scope of human ken.
How little we know of time and space!
How soon may time that little efface!

How small indeed must the finite be
Compared with the vast infinity!
Small portion indeed of the great Maker's plan
Is the weal or the woe of the short life of man
A leaf in the forest—a grain in the sand—
A wave on the ocean—as grass on the plain.

I had read of the gleams of Utopia's sand
I had heard of the themes so sacred in story,
And I thought I should find in that fanciful land
A haven of peace and a realm full of glory.

I had thought I should find but the good and the
true,
That the wrong and the false would be blotted
from view,
And untarnish by sin and by aught that defiles
Would we be in the realm of the afterwhiles:

And I thought that the future contained in store
Bright joys that had never been known before.

On those viewless realms I sought to gaze.
My eyes were filled with the mortal haze,
But methought I saw on a mystic scroll
These words inscribed:—“The Mortal Goal.”

Then I thought that in that land must be a
Palladium, a panacea,
For all the ills and woes that find
Their way to mortal flesh and mind. [glow
Bright, beautiful realm, where effulgence and
Of the good drive the dark shades of evil below,
Where the good gives us peace and the truth
gives us light
Where faith spreads a halo of happiness quite
O'er the universe, where hope's proud herald
speeds on
To the consummate joy, the millennial dawn.
There were fountains of weal and wells of woe
Along the way where my muse did go; [joy,
There were sunshine and shadow, sorrow and
There was that to ennable and that to annoy,
There was that to deceive and that to beguile
In this omnibus era, the afterwhile.
Tho rubies and pearls and amethyst lay
In effulgent gleams of undying day,
There were chasms and gullies so deep and dark
With crime and sin that there came no spark
Of light from their depth! There were tears
and smiles
In the nameless ream of the afterwhiles.

And sickness and sorrow and death were there
In the land I had deemed so wondrous fair.

And the face of hope's sun which I thought was
so bright

Had spots on its surface as black as the night.

I saw mass upon mass and throng upon throng,
A multitude crowding and moving along;
And some were rejoicing and some were in tears,
And thus were they passing the afterwhile years,
And many grew faint as they struggled along
But were ruthlessly tramped, neath the feet of
the strong.

I saw some that I knew to be wicked and vile
Were leading their betters on mile after mile;
While others of kindness and goodness possessed
Were trudging alone far behind all the rest.

Some cripples helped others strong-limbed and
athletic,

While pleasant smiles wreathed faces sadly
pathetic.

I grew sick at the sight and trembled with fear
But I cried with my might—It is as it is here!
It is as it is here, so my soul did avow,
It is as it is here—it is as it is now!

And I saw mid the mass as it struggled along
Those I knew to be vile and deceitful and wrong,
They were leagued close together in coteries vile
Making up the procession long mile after mile:
And oft I observed, what I fain would efface,
That the vilest and worst had the very best place,
While the meek and the lowly the good and
the kind,
Sad hearted and lonely, strode slowly behind.
I grew sick at the sight and I trembled with fear
But I cried with my might—It is as it is here!
It is as it is here, so my soul did avow,
It is as it is here—it is as it is now!

And so I say that the coming years,
With their hopes and their dreams of the joy
to be,
Are as full of sorrow, as fraught with tears,
As the wrong-wrought now and its misery.

The afterwhiles, the afterwhiles,
Trudge, wanderer, thru those weary miles
Out into the realm of the is to be,
Out into the great eternity

Search thou with the breadth of finite scope,
Search thou to the height of infinite hope,
Exhaust if thou wilt the power of mind:
But vain be ever thy hope to find
A higher type, or a loftier goal,
Than untarnished flesh—than immaculate soul!

O, the afterwhiles, the afterwhiles!
Thru smiles and tears and tears and smiles!
 Does life's dull dream last on for aye?
From the doleful gloom of sorrow's night
Doth there come no gleam of shimmering light?
 Doth the morrow bring not day?
What earthly joy would we not forego
In this mortal sphere could we but know?

Let the afterwhiles be afterwhiles,
Tears will be tears, let smiles be smiles.
Let by-gones be in the years agone,
Why grope thru the night when there comes a
 dawn?
Why mourn a dead past when the present gives
Us beauty and pleasure and joy and lives?
Sufficient the evil is unto the day.

Do you know of some heart that is pining away?
Some mother who mourns for her child which has perished—
Some lover who pines for a heart which it cherished—
Do you know of a form that is writhing in pain?
Do you know of some soul that has struggled in vain?

The place is here, the time, today.
Drive doubt and sorrow far away.
Lend the heart and the hand to the work that we have.
There are hearts to cherish and souls to save.
Live now, for the present, the good you can do,
And thus best prepare for the coming years too:
And know, above all, in thine own self lies
The weakness to fall or the courage to rise.

In the afterwhiles, when death's storm-clouds frown,
Life's shadows lengthen, the sun goes down,
And the purple gleams of the dying day
O'er thy care-grooved forehead flicker and play,
O relinquish thy life in the spirit of him,
The sacred Child-God of the great Bethlehem,
Who relinquished his life as a sacrifice free
That our souls might live on to eternity.

To Washington

O sainted soul! Thou honored and revered,
Above all honored to our nation known,
Thou whom, when our dear country's hope
had flown,
And death and ruin to our hearthstones neared—
When dying patriots for their loved ones feared,
And prayed deliverance from the cruel crown—
O thou who struck the direful enemy down—
Her haughty hosts from all our harbors veered:
From depths of Valley Forge to Yorktown's
height,
With heavenly justice armed and power divine,
Marched on to victory and eternal right—
Heaven sing thy praise. It is not mine,
Or mortal, to depict the light
Thy virtue o'er a world doth make to shine!

Love's Dawn

AVE you seen a Kansas sunrise? How
the rich, resplendent light

Floods the world and turns away night's dingy
scroll!

So does love's dawn in one's being doff the veil of
sorrow's night;

So does happiness' warm sun illumine the soul.

How the shapeless, frozen rocket, flying far thru
barren space,

Melts in meteor flash when touched by at-
mosphere.

So the life that 's lone and loveless, clasped at
last in love's embrace,

Casts a gleam of joy and love-light far and
near.

Let the sun-light and the love-light bless each
creature of the earth!

Peace on earth, good will to men, be every
prayer.

Let the doleful dirge of sorrow change to song of
joy and mirth!

Free the world from pain and heart-ache
everywhere.

A Birthday Prayer

If I were to offer a prayer today,
And I knew that the powers that be
Would grant all the blessings for which I should
pray
Most freely unto me,

I would pray that I might in true wisdom and
power
Increase as the days go past,
And be able to do some good deed every hour
That I could not have done in the last.

If the fibre still holds in my life's slender cord
Thru another short year, may I say
I have cherished the good and all evil abhorred,
When I read this a year from today.

Turn Thy Face to the Sun

*T*ired traveler trudging life's troublesome highway,
Dark clouds cast their gloom where thy pathway doth run.
Brave not the dense mists of the dangerous by-way,
Seek the light, seek the right, turn thy face to the sun.

O wanderer wierd, since thou entered life's portal,

Full many a sin in the flesh has been done.
Repent of thy wrong, to sin is but mortal,
The future is thine, turn thy face to the sun.

O, thou weak and oppressed, a new era is dawning,

Right battled with might and a victory won.
Grope not in the night. Watch the gleam of the morning,

Doff sorrow and gloom. Turn thy face to the sun.

My Ship

On a glad, bright day in life's month of May,
Hope whispered along the lea,
And I launched my ship for a treasure trip
O'er a shining southern sea,
And I wait and I wait, but my ship and its
freight
Have never come back to me.

Oh, warm was the wave, and my ship did lave
Its sides in the silvery spray.
And the wind blew fair and sweet perfumes rare
Were waft on the shores of May.
I plucked sweet flowers thru the balmy hours
And basked in the sun's warm ray.

I dreamed on the lea and I dreamed that the sea
Was bringing me home my prize,
And my life was gay and the month was May
And I watched with eager eyes;
But the vision fled. Now my hope lies dead,
As much that is holy lies.

My ship was lost. My treasure tossed
Awhile on the stormy main,
But a pirate sail soon drew in hail
My precious freight to gain.
Hope's sun sank low—ah well I know
It never can rise again!

That sea is life. 'Tis full of strife,
By sin and grief engrossed.
That ship—my love—a white-winged dove—
I cannot count the cost.
My priceless freight—my heart's young mate—
The love I won and lost.

A Sonnet to Summer

How bright the effulgent beams which
crown the hills,
And flood the world with beauteous, golden
light!

The earth from sea to sea is beaming bright
With dazzling beauty, all the air it fills,
And in my saddened heart new hope instills,
Which frees it for a moment from its blight.

See all around is bloom, the mountain height,
And forest glade and banks of rippling rills.
O summer season, gladdest of the year,
Sweet, radiant season, loving, blooming time,

To me thy sunlit scenes are ever dear,
My heart is filled with the music of thy chime.
Thy warm sun soothes like a maiden's kiss the
soul
And cheers and thrills and beautifies life's
whole.

Clouds

There are times when the clouds close o'er,
And the sun disappears from our sight;
And the day, tho a moment before
All sunshine, is shrouded in night.

So sickness and sorrow close down
On the sunbeam days of our life,
And we lie in the night of God's frown
And pray for relief from our strife.

Grief's shades are as real as those shrouds
That darken the world with their forms.
Oh were they as light as the clouds,
Our lives might know fewer soul storms.

But the future will roll all away.
Take cheer lonely heart the deep gloom
Will break forth and effulgence of May
Smile over thy beauty and bloom.

Sonnet to Sorrow

So deep lie our sorrows, so deep in our
souls!

So heavily, weigh down the fabric of life!

The struggling spirit is vanquished with strife,
Yet onward grief's torrent still merciless rolls
To crush our frail being, oh nothing condoles

The bosom sore pierced by misfortune's sharp
knife.

The whole world with sorrow unceasing is rife.
No solace is soothing, no savior consoles.
Go bury thy sorrow, e'en make it a grave
In the rent it has made in the depth of thy
heart.
Go bury thy sorrow, this silently save
What grief to another would useless impart.
Somewhere, mid the mist of the future afar
Tho shrouded in shadow, is shining a star.

Conservatism

*T*HE seasons fly so fast!
So soon the lovely flowerets droop away!
It seems but one brief day
From summer bloom to winter's frozen blast.

The years go by so fast!
And one by one our loved ones pass away.
Life, health and hope today—
Tomorrow comes grim death's cold bitter blast.

Come while the bloom is on,
Store well thy heart with virtue's richest
treasure.
Conserve life's purest pleasure,
Then wear her jewels e'er the lustre 's gone.

To Whittier

*R*est thou in peace, O thou immortal mind!
A century hast thou spread a flow of
light,

In beauteous effulgence, pure and bright,
To illumine the darkness brooding o'er mankind!
The chains that slavery forged thou didst unbind,
And, groping thru the darkness and the night,
Lost souls thou hast redeemed, and given sight.
To those whom light of heaven sought to find.
None dearer to our nation's heart is known.

We have none greater in these shapes of clay.
Not nearer to his God has mortal grown,
Than thou who hast this moment passed away.
Sweet soul, thy robes in heaven now unfurled,
Take thou the benediction of a world.

'Tis Autumn

'Tis autumn. Gloomy are the skies,
And drear the rain drops pattering;
But when I look in your dear eyes
I dream 'tis spring.

'Tis autumn. Damp and chill the air,
And sharp and keen the north wind's sting;
But gazing in your face so fair
It seems 'tis spring.

'Tis autumn and the birds have flown,
No more with song the woodlands ring;
But when you speak your soft, sweet tone
Recalls the spring.

'Tis autumn, yet with all its gloom,
If to my heart it could but bring
Your love, hope's fragile flower would bloom,
And life be spring.

A Sonnet, Forgiven

How bright and warm the sunshine seems
today!

The sky how clear, how soft and sweet the air,
As 'twere ambrosia laden! Blossoms fair
Bestrew the meadows stretching far away.
And strange indeed, it was but yesterday,
My heart was burdened down with grief and
care,
The world seemed one dull picture of despair,
And future skies all gloomy cold and gray.
'Twas one sweet word that wrought the great
transition;
Just one sweet word, low spoken in my ear,
That consummated hope's glad, sweet fruition,
Calmed every pulse-beat and allayed my fear.
"Forgiven,"—and the gloom of night was riven.
"Forgiven"—and I knew the peace of heaven.

The Aftermath

Not all, like Ruth, may glean 'mid sheaves.
Those favored rights are rare.
The modern Boaz barely leaves
The stubbles brown and bare.
The modern gleaner gleans and grieves,
Till his sinews exhaust and his bosom heaves;
Yet no gleanings are found in his weary path
But the grainless green of the aftermath.

The king that both reaps and gleans today—
In this world with business rife,
In our hustle and bustle and heedless way
Of living—the grain of life,
Leaves reaper and gleaner to fall in the fray.
The king is unkind to Naomi today.
Heart-broken and weary, they droop in the
swath,
Nor survive till the green of the aftermath.

O reaper and gleaner, who toil in the fields,
O king, who controls both the gleaning and
reaping,
Share, share earth's rich blessings and bountiful
yields!
No caste and no crime is a maxim worth
keeping.
Who rule on the throne and who toil in the sun
Their rights and their wishes are ever as one:
And alike must all fall in the Death-Reaper's
swath,
For He garners the grain and the aftermath.

A Sonnet, Mistrust

How apt the world to misconstrue our
deeds!

Tho rising from the inmost depths of heart,
With earnest wish some comfort to impart
To some poor soul whom solace sorely needs;
Tho from the sacrifice our own soul bleeds,
The world looks on and says it is some art
Of cunning we apply in hope to start
A cause which to our own advantage leads.
Cold world, oh why mistrust our motives? When
Our own hearts feel so keenly pangs of grief,
Why may we not make glad the hearts of men?
God grant us power to give them more relief!
Oft he who shields mankind from grief and
sorrow
Is paid in pain and heart-ache on the morrow.

The Singer

I was lying low, low in the sere vale of grief.
Cloud and gloom hung oppressingly o'er me.

The future was midnight before me—
No star and no sign of relief;
But my season of sorrow was brief;
For a balm came to soothe and restore me.

It seemed that a seraph's wings bore me
To realms where enjoyment was chief.
A song, as a voice 'twere from heaven,
Waft softly sweet strains to my ear,
And the cloud of my sorrow was riven,
And my soul filled with solace and cheer.
Think I not of the singer who breathed the sweet
song?
Yea, cherish her memory long, oh, so long!

You Love Me

You love me, you say,
Precious one, and the day
Beams with beauty and bright are the skies;
For the light of no sun
Whose course is yet run
Can compare with the light of your eyes.

You love me, you say,
And my heart, light and gay,
Leaps with joy at the sound of your voice;
And the heavens and earth
Seem to mingle in mirth
And make my whole being rejoice.

You love me, you say,
O then love me for aye!
For your love is the light of my life,
The crown of my realm,
My anchor, my helm,
Be ever my dear sweetheart wife.

To Woman

The world has had more than one Savior of
men.

So many, so many, along life's way,
Wear thorn-crowns that we may wear roses of
May,

Bear sorrow that we the more pleasure may gain.
Ah, Woman, what height can we hope to attain

To rise to thy equal? How can we repay
What freely thou givest unto us each day,
To drive out earth's sorrow—to banish its bane?
Withdraw thy sweet influence, the world is all
sin,

Restore it, you virtue and honor enthrone.
With that deep dream of Eden did pleasure
begin.

Men were indeed lost, were they doomed to be
alone.
Crowning act of creation, great gift from above,
Least tribute I offer—my holiest love!

Human Sympathy

THE farmer who has sown his seeds
Is much annoyed to find that weeds
Have grown in place of golden grain,
And so it is with all. No pain
Is worse than for a soul to find
No sympathy from human kind—
To feel that all it does is lost,
What e'er its pains, what e'er the cost—
That briars of cruelty have grown
Instead of seeds of kindness sown—
That weeds of selfishness displace
The grain of God's forgiving grace—
And thorns of base ingratitude,
The Savior's sweet similitude.
The soul in sad humility
Still longs for love and sympathy.

Sonnet To Shakespeare

J MMORTAL bard! Thou mightiest of men!
O Thou myriad-minded muse whose fame
has shone
Thru-out the ages, and whose name has grown
A household word on every tongue and pen,
Give voice unto the years, pray speak again,
Proclaim thru-out all time, in every zone,
The cherished wisdom, which is thine alone,
That erring man no more need strive in vain.
Proclaim the time when sorrowing will cease;
Nor crime nor wrong prevail, nor battle's gore
Begrime the spheres, when men shall dwell in
peace
And harmony and love forever more.
Engrossed in all the wisdom of the years,
Confirm our faith. Allay our future fears.

You Are Happy Today.

You are happy today,
At your home far away,
Far free from life's cloud and gloom.
Where the south wind blows,
And the wild flower grows,
And bursts into beautiful bloom.

You are happy today,
So young and so gay,
Rejoice in the summer hours;
For the north winds blow,
And the frost and snow
Will wither the tender flowers.

Be happy today,
Dear one, while you may,
Think not of the care and strife.
Live in sunshine and spring,
Little fortunate thing,
We know too much grief in this life.

Intellect and Love

The meteor-flash of intellect oft outshines,
The mellow light of love's enduring flame,
As tender light of stars is put to shame
When 'thwart the heavens dash those fiery lines;
But love alone in starlight droops and pines,
While intellect, in the flooding light of fame,
Arises, crowning hopes of joy to claim,
And largest riches from earth's treasured mines.
Pure love-light burns with calm and ceaseless
glow,
Eclipsing all emotions less profound.
Forever, in its unremitting flow,
Sweet solace for the human heart is found.
Pure love-light floods the over-flowing soul,
Sustains and soothes and consummates life's
whole.

Out In The Street

Out in the street, thrown out in the street!
Out of employment, with nothing to eat,
Out in the world, without friends, without home,
Hoping and praying for death to come;
Mother and children, bare arms and bare feet.
Out in the cold and the pitiless street!

There is the cook-stove upon the bare ground,
Tea-kettles, frying-pans, scattered around.
Here are their bed-clothes and there is the churn,
No cream to put in it, no fuel to burn,
No food, had they fuel—no bread and no meat.
Out in the street! Thrown out in the street!

Out in the street! Aye, thru-out our fair land,
Too many belong to this wandering band!
So many are homeless, with nowhere to rest,
Save at the caprice of the landlord's behest!
Some revel in riches, blase and elite,
Some sorrow for solace and starve on the street.

To the Dawn

•
T IS dawn, 'tis dawn, sweet, radiant, smiling
dawn,
Spreads silver streams of oriental light
Across the world of accidental night.
Thru tree-tops streaming, o'er the glittering
lawn,
O'er ev'ry beauty that we look upon,
It smiles and glows so pleasing to the sight.
Far to the west the shadows take their flight,
And flee before the effulgence of the morn.
Come thou oh happiness' dawn, oh pleasure's day,
Come soothe life's sorrow and dispel its woe!
Drive thou our hearts's deep doubt and gloom
away,
As shadows fleeing from the morning glow.
Come thou O flood of spiritualistic light,
Dispel the dark materialistic night!

Satisfied

Satisfied? Yes, satisfied to live,
Alone with thee, my muse, with
books to give
Diversion and a stimulant to thought;
But other hopes or pleasures I have not.
Satisfied? Yes, while the millions throng
About the tiresome globe, in grief or song,
In search of that great nothingness, a name,
In strife for vulgar riches, honor, fame,
I'm satisfied to sit where soft winds blow,
Where summer beams smile down and corn fields
grow,
Where blossoms spring from earth and scent the
air,
And muse and dream amid these beauties rare.
In restless youth I thirsted for renown.
My spirit, bold, aspired for honor's crown,
And listened to a siren voice proclaim
There lay in store the gifted author's fame;
But 'mid the strife, the trouble and turmoil,
Of years and years of study and stern toil,
I yield the laurels, lay the banner down.
Luck to the leader be he king or clown.

When Death Comes

Rich thy charms, fair dame of fashion,
Love-lit eyes and silken hair,
Ringlets, pearls and jewels flashing,
Many, many hearts ensnare.
Joy be with thee in thy folly.
Vanity the soul benumbs.
Pride must fall and melancholy
Mar those features bright and jolly.
All must yield to destiny,
And bow in low humility,
When death comes.

Bright thy crown; O king of mammon!
Great the power thou dost command.
Destinies of men and nations
Lie within thy mighty hand.
May thy reign be filled with glory.
To gluttony thy power succumbs.
Empires fall and carnage, gory,
Ends a many a king's life story.
All must yield to destiny,
And bow in low humility,
When death comes.

Reconciliation

• *T*WAS like a cloud, that cruel altercation
That crossed our sky.
The light of hope and sweet anticipation
Dimmed in my eye.
Oh, how I prayed for reconciliation,
Dear, precious one!
And how my heart beat in its exultation
When it was done.

'Twas like a storm, that awful intermission—
A storm at sea.
Huge billows of remorse and deep contrition
Surged high o'er me.
I seemed a fragile ship in gale-swept ocean
With love my freight,
And, foundering in the wave of my emotion
Sank by its weight.

'Twas like a pall upon the bier of pleasure;
For love seemed dead.
There was no sound of joy in tuneful measure;
A dirge instead.
Oh welcome the resplendent beams from heaven—
The calm at sea—
Blest be the pining heart at last forgiven!
Peace unto thee!

Oh Windy Day

Oh windy day!
You blow my heart away.
Oh gust and dust!
Escape from you I must.
Would I were laid
In some cool forest glade—
No storm molest—
In peace to sleep and rest.

Oh woeful day!
You grieve my soul away.
Oh broken trust!
Lose faith and hope I must.
Would I could lie
Me down in peace to die—
For aye forget
The grief that does beset.

Thou fainting heart,
Let courage not depart.
The storm and dust,
Grief, doubt and broken trust,
Will pass away.
There dawns a brighter day.
God doth design
Peace for a soul like thine.

Kindness

Who has a kind and humble heart
Has greater gift bestow
Than wealth obtained at honor's mart
Or power upon the throne.

The weary stranger, hungry, cold,
With thoughtful, low-bowed head,
Is turned from mansions rich in gold
And from the cottage fed.

Love in Death

• *A* good man dying lay.
Beside, his loving wife, with bated breath
Sat watching while his life ebbed slow away.
Her heart with his was linked in sympathy,
I spoke no word, but sat in reverie.
True love, thought I, it is true love in death.

His pallid cheek and brow
Foretold to us the end was drawing near.
She clasped him closer now,
As tho she hoped to hold with her embrace
His fragile spirit in its wanton place.
The hardest heart could not withhold the tear.
True love, tho't I, it is true love in death.

Days, weeks passed slowly by,
And still his fragile spirit had not flown;
Yet ever when the morning sun was high,
Or when the moon's pale light at midnight
shone,
This guardian angel sat close by his side,
True to the last, whatever might betide.
So much his life into her own had grown:
True love, thought I, it is true love in death.
Oh, when I come to die, [breath,
When God shall bid me breathe my latest
Will some dear one be nigh,
To give me love and sympathy and power—
To soothe my spirit in the dying hour?
Hath death for me that which life doth deny?
Shall I, too, know true love—true love in death?

Sleep

 AST night I slept all thru a raging storm.
 So deep my sleep, so perfect was my rest.
 That, tho the household flurried with alarm,
 I neither woke nor dreamed of what had
 passed.

The raging wind pressed hard upon the pane,
 The dashing rain-drops beat against the door,
 The lightning plunged its fiery shafts in vain,
 And deafening grew the thunder's mighty
 roar;

Yet calmly, soundly sleeping there I lay,
 As tho impervious to impending harm,
 The firmament was riven by the storm,

But all the while I slept. A soul innured
To mightier storms than ever sweep the sky,
The storm of pent-up passion, rests assured,
And sleeps, tho all the elements rage on high.

Winds cannot be more restless than our sighs,
Nor water more abundant than our tears.
While anguish thru the burning bosom flies,
Like lightning flash, oh why have lesser fears?

While in the breast there beats a mightier storm
Than ever swept the earth's broad bosom o'er,
Why add unto our grief, why court alarm,
Tho mountains fall—tho oceans leap from
shore.

Ah well indeed could endless, dreamless, sleep
Benumb the senses stricken with life's dole—
Becalm the troubled tempest of the deep,
And still the stormy passion of the soul.

To a Teacher

Another mile-stone has been passed today.
In time's swift race another course is run,
And you can rest tonight—the honors won.
It matters not to you how glide away
The fleeting years, for you can ever say,
There is no gleam of morn or noon-day sun
But views some noble work that you have done
In making mind and soul from human clay.
O, teacher, thou catholicon of earth,
Thou moulder of the higher destiny,
Lift up the mind of youth to nobler worth.
Thy spirit is akin to Deity.
The soul that's dead give thou a newer birth.
The goal of man is immortality.

Ah Homeward Go

Part I

The north winds blow
O'er deepening snow
Ah, homeward go!

The winter blast
Is felling fast
The withering mast.

The darkening storm
Obscures thy form.
Take thou my arm.

Lo, now we come
Safe to our home—
Fireside and home!

Part II

Death's reapers mow
With measure slow.
Ah, homeward go!

Grief's bitter blast
Is blighting fast
The mortal mast.

Celestial forms,
In myriad swarms,
Extend their arms.

Lo, now we come
To Heaven's home—
Love, rest, and home!

Where is My Home

•W^{HERE} is my home! The winds blow drear,
The mead is brown and the leaf is sere,
The gray clouds drag thru the azure dome.
Where is my home! Where is my home!

Is that my home? The dear old place?
Where sunlight first illumed my face?
Where childhood joys and childhood tears,
And parent's love imbued the years?

Ah no, no more! For all are gone!
How wearily the years drag on!
Soon I shall close life's mystic tome,
Bereft and lone, where is my home!

My home, dear love, is where thou art.
I have no other. On thy heart
I lean and care no more to roam.
You are my home, my own dear home.

You Know Why

The day is dull, clouds cold, and drear,
Hang low in the wintry sky;
But to me the sky seems always clear,
My Precious, you know why.

Let the storm king reign, and the breakers roll,
Let the lightning leap on high.
A calm, sweet peace dwells in my soul,
I'm happy, you know why.

Sad, day by day, some trudge life's way,
And end it with a sigh.
My limbs are strong, with laugh and song,
I tread it. You know why.

Temptations vile beset the while,
I pass them heedless by.
Far, free from harm, they have no charm
For me, Dear, you know why.

Love's Endurance

Oft, in balmy days of summer,
Clouds conceal the noonday sun.
Oft the strongest spirits falter
When the prize is nearly won.

And, as storm-clouds in the heavens,
Dim the canopy above,
So the veil of disappointment
Shrouds the living light of love.

But, in gloom of grief and sorrow,
Love's fires cast a light divine,
And upon some happy morrow
Summer's sun is sure to shine.

Far above the mist and shadow
Shines the glorious orb of day.
Thru the night of pain and heartache
Rays of love-light gleam alway.

The Answer

I have asked for the hand of my dear one,
my own,
For those sweet, pretty lips, for that dark
flowing hair—
For those eyes that so thrill me—that face
sweet and fair—
For that heart, for that life so blended and
grown
Into mine it now seems our two souls are as one.
Pretty moon in the Heavens, bright starlets so
free,
Tell me what on the morrow my answer will be.

Gay stars in the heavens, thy beauty is rare.
Bright moon, thy face beams with effulgence
of light,
As it smiles on the darkness, the stillness of
night;
But thy light and thy beauty can never compare
With the face of my loved one, angelic and fair.
Pretty moon in the Heavens, bright starlets so
free,
Tell me what on the morrow my answer will be.

The autumn leaves shiver and wilt on the bough.
The cold breath of winter from northern clime
Cuts down the green leaflets. Their beauty
and prime
Are gone with the gleam of the summer. Oh
how
My hearts tender leaflets are shivering now!
Pretty moon the in heavens, bright starlets so
free,
Tell me what on the morrow my answer will be.

Tell me what on the morrow—of joy or of woe.
I would rather see pleasure or sink into grief
Than to suffer such doubt and uncertain reprief.
My spirit is hopeful. She will not say no!
My dear little pet could not break my heart so!
Pretty moon uy in heaven, bright starlets so free,
Tell me what on the morrow my answer will be.

The cold bitter morrow! Sleet fell in the night.
Her answer came early. Her answer was no!
And now thru life's gloom unto death must I go
All alone! O'er my spirit this saddening blight.
Sun nor moon in the heavens—no star do I see:
How long, oh how long, will the heart breaking be!

To The Snow

Fair offspring of the clouded sky,
Descending thru the wintry night,
Pray tell me whither do you fly,
And why you take this frozen flight!

Can you within your aerial home
No longer be content to dwell?
O tell me wherefore do you come,—
And what has wrought this wandering spell.

O,—gently falling from the cloud,
And mingling into misty spray,—
Uniting in one mighty shroud,
That covers all this world of clay!

O, beauteous symmetric form,
Little fairy flakes of snow;
The blossom of the wintry storm—
Welcome to our world below!

When all the earth is cold and bare,
Forsaken by its summer growth;
And frozen wastes lie every where,
With surface rugged and uncouth,—

With pliant down you cover o'er—
Each frozen waste conceal from sight,
And make the air all fresh and pure,
The ground all clean and smooth and white.

Along the lane where oft we trod
'Mid dusty gale we hoped would cease,—
O'er deepening mire, or frozen clod—
We now may find our way in peace.

And, o'er your smooth and shining form,
On courser fleet, or cutter light—
What care we for the wintry storm?
We ride by day and glide by night.

The charger leaps his halter's length!
And fiercely snuffs the wintry air;
In agony he gains in strength—
Tethering drives him to despair.

At length he's free. The rein is slack,—
Your soft, white cheeks the runners kiss,
As swiftly o'er the shining track
We hurl in ecstasy and bliss.

With antelope leap, with reindeer bound,
As swallow swift he flies along,
While striking with his foot the ground,
In measure with our shout and song.

And all the while the sleighbells jingle,
Jingle, jingle, thru the air—
Shouts and laughter all commingle
In discordant music rare.

Such are the pleasures thou hast given
Thru thy kindly presence here,—
Welcome visitor from heaven,
May we oft thy blessings share.

And when the joys of life have vanished
Swift before time's fleeting flight,
O may we rest—our labor finished—
As peaceful as thy bosom white!

The Blossom and the Maid

I saw a little blossom by the way.
 'Twas simple, beautiful, and that was all.
 Its scent is borne upon the winds of May,
 It blooms in springtime—witheres in the fall.

I know a pretty maiden, by the way.
 Than she no fairer flower springs from earth
 She sings thruout the gladsome summer day.
 Her beauty lies in pride of modest worth.

These beauties are alike in certain ways.
 He who observes the best best understands.
 If left unplucked till past their blooming days,
 Both either fade or fall to other's hands.

Love's Return

Once more the blossoms bloom
O'er meadows sweet and fair.
Once more the sweet perfume
Of roses fills the air.
Once more the golden rays
Of summer's sun appear.
Once more the gladsome days
Of love and joy are here.
The love that thrills the youth—
Ambitions that so burn—
Unto the heart, in truth,
Thru changing years return.
And with them joy of spring
Imbues a newer life.
And summer's song-birds sing
Where raged dark storms of strife.
The heart that throbbed with pain
From wounds so sorely dealt,
No longer beats in vain
Or writhes in anguish felt.
For love again returns
And all life's joys renew.
Emotion's altar burns
More sacred and more true.

A Ruined Rose

A storm, last night, broke down my mother's rose.

There, with its petals scattered all around,
So crushed and torn, and beaten to the ground,
Lies ruined, mother's best Missouri rose.

The leaves all mangled, beaten in the earth,
Have lost all shape of beauty they possessed.
The branches droop, as prone to lie and rest,
And show no sign of beauty or of mirth.

The stem that bore this beauteous gem of June
Droops low in mourning o'er the dying leaves,
As though to seek their sympathy, and grieves
O'er loss of all its beauty all so soon.

Last evening, sunlight kissed its pretty face,
And turned its crimson petals still more red.
How lovingly it drooped its little head!
How filled with beauty, symmetry, and grace!

Last evening, zephyrs brushed it as they passed,
Its tender cheek so lovingly caressed,
As low it drooped its little head to rest;
But midnight brought the fierce tornado's blast.

How like our lives, the rose's life and death!

How like our fate, the cruel fate that falls

Upon its happy lot and gruffly calls

It from its bloom to sudden certain death!

Yea, brightly beams life's sunlit, joyous tide!

And softly flow the rippling waves above

The solemn depths of purity and love.

Proud pleasure sees the grave stand open wide

A Little Star

FAR in the boundless depths of space,
A little star my sight does grace.
Tho but a tiny speck it seems,
Which fades away, returns and gleams,
And casts its light the distance thru,
As small as tiny drop of dew;
Although it often hidden lies
In darkness of the distant skies,
And lies so long I sometimes fear
It never will again appear:
I know that in its distant home,
From whence those tiny sparkles come,
A world of light there gleams and glows,
And ever outward streaming throws
Its flood of light o'er boundless spheres
Ten thousand times ten thousand years.

I know, too, that some mighty power
Doth move it onward every hour.
Perhaps, as fast as lightning flies,
This monstrous orb moves thru the skies,
And never can for any cause,
A single moment stop or pause.
Nor not alone in rapid rate,
Do single bodies gravitate;
But billions move thru boundless space,
The wise creator's plan to grace,—
All forming one tremendous whole,
Revolve around some distant sol,
Which too, perchance, with all its lot,
Moves round some still more distant spot.
O, thought of God like light of star,
That shines upon me from afar!
O, gleam of faith! O, ray of light,
That comes in silent hours of night!
My soul is lightened 'neath thy ray.
It hopes, and dreams of dawning day,
And almost finds within its ken
The source of light of worlds and men.

Thy gleam but for a moment shines,
Then with uncertain mist combines,
And storms of doubt do then appear,
Which fill my soul with darkest fear,
And all is darkness! Thy light gone—
There's naught to place our trust upon.
This friend-forsaken, dreary zone,
Without thee, we must tread alone.
Thou heedest not. Mankind are cold.
Hearts suffer pangs unknown, untold.
Yet all the universe of thought
We search and search, but find thee not.
O can it be this slender ray,
Like light of star, so far away,
Can lead me to the source of light,
And free my soul from sorrow's night?
Can mortals rise from sinful sod,
Unto the living light of God?
Mankind may live eternities,
Nor solve all of these mysteries.

A Table of Love

In a drear, entangled wildwood,
Close beside a flowing streamlet,
Where the tall trees cast their shadow
O'er its tiny troubled wave;
There beneath the spreading branches
Of the Oak tree and the Yew tree,
Wrapped in sunshine or in shadow,
Lies a lonely, quiet, grave.

No inscription stands upon it,
Wrought in granite or in marble,
To rehearse the deeds of heroes
Done by him who lieth there;
Not a blossom in the springtime,
Placed by loving hands upon it,
Not a tear is shed in sorrow—
Not a mourner breathes a prayer.

Yet, some years ago, 'tis spoken,
Strewn with blossoms was the hillock,
Drenched with tears of bitter sorrow,

 All the earth upon her mould;
And each day beside the water,
Sat a maiden sorely grieving,
With a heart that burst in anguish.

 Now, alas, that heart is cold!

Now upon the mound which covers,
Grows the green-brier of the forest,
There the rude and thorny thistle

 Spreads its leaves the vines among;
And the insects of the forest,
When the sun is near its setting,
In their homes upon the branches,
 Sing their evening, woodland song.

Years ago, it has been spoken,
Loved a youth a pretty maiden,
And he wooed her in life's morning,

 But his wooing was in vain;
For the maiden, foolish hearted,
For the maiden, fair and fickle,
Scorned the smiles that would have won her,
 And she gave her lover pain.

Roamed he over land and ocean,
In his sorrow, till his anguish
Drove him back to scenes of childhood,
 To the birthplace of his love;
Strolled he over fields and meadows,
By green rows of bushy hedges,
'Long the winding, lonely river,
 Thru the quiet, shady grove.

On one evening, in the wildwood,
When the moon had cast the shadow
Of the branches o'er the figure
 Of the lover, lost and lone:
Glittered bright a jeweled poniard,
Glittered in the tufted shadow,
Then it plunged into his bosom,
 “Lay me here: my life is done.”

Gushed the blood from out his bosom,
Blood of streaming, flowing crimson,
And it covered all the grasses
 With its warm, ensanguined rain;
Sank the body unto kneeling,
Then upon the grass reclining,
Passed the spirit from its prison,
 Freed the body from its pain.

Close they dug a grave beside him,
Near the water of the streamlet,
There beneath the waving branches,
Laid the weary lover low;
While so softly from the bushes,
Songs of birds in tuneful mourning,
Mingled into sweetest music
With the water's rhythmic flow.

Then the maiden knew her error,
Then she found she loved him dearly,
And she mourned in bitter sorrow
O'er the lover she had pained;
On each morn, or noon, or even,
Sat she by the flowing streamlet,
Pouring forth her heart's deep anguish
While the tears of sorrow rained.

Long she brooded o'er her sorrow,
Back and forth she trod the pathway,
As the evening cast its shadow
Or the morning sun arose;
Till her soul had sunk in sadness,
Till her thread of life was broken,
Then across the lonely hillock,
Lay in lasting, sweet repose.

She was buried close beside him.
Thus our Tale of Love is ended.
Sad the story when we realize
 How often it is true.
Maiden, when you have a lover,
Manifest the love you cherish.
Men have hearts that can be broken!
 Men are made, or marred by you!

Joy and Sorrow

*T*HERE'S driftwood on the lightest waves that blow,
And worthless mud in deepest depths below.
Yet purest pearls upon the surface ride,
And priceless gems lie far beneath the tide.
Rich treasures with the worthless sands do toss.
We everywhere find mingled gold and dross.
So whether we sail high or sink below,
We find some joy, some sorrow, where we go.

A Death in the Night

THE wild night was dark, and the loud winds
were calling, [flown

The ground was a dark sea with water o'er
For all the day long the cold rain had been fall-
ing,

And Nature her gloomiest aspect had shown.

No star ever offered to light up my pathway,
No beam from the moon to my rescue did come,
While I rode thru the midst of the storm and the
darkness.

Where sorrow had blighted a prosperous home.

I rode to a home that was heavily clouded
With poverty, sickness, and sorrow and care
And strove to remove the deep gloom that o'er
shrouded, [spair.
And lift the poor souls from the depths of de-

Oh, dense was the darkness! Oh, fearful the
flashing [between!
Of lightning, with peals of hoarse thunder
And he died in the night; mid the wild tempest's
dashing;
And Death, like a pall covered over the scene!

Alumni Poem

Valley Falls High School Class '90

•W HEN sunshine's soft, effulgent ray,
Beams on our path in life,

When peace and plenty fill our day,
And nations have no strife,

When smiling industry the land
With wealth has covered o'er,
And God and Nature hand in hand
Unite to fill our store,

We're wont to close our eyes and dream,
And bask in luxury's glow,
And leave unthought life's loftiest theme—
Unknown man's noblest work below.

But they who stoop to humble toil,
And tread life's lowly way,
Who grovel in the dusty soil
For sustenance each day,

Who fell the forest, clear the land,
And build up homes for men—
With brawny arm and sinewy hand
Redeem the swamp and fen—

Who wield the hammer, lay the tie
The engine rushes o'er—
Who build the mighty ships that ply
From ocean shore to shore—

Who do life's labor—do life's good—
Who know its hardships, these
Full well have known and understood
Life's stern realities.

And there are those of sadder fate,
Tho not by toil oppressed,
Whose lives are lone and desolate—
Whose minds in wild unrest
Are brooding over worldly loss,
Of health, or wealth, or worth,
Till all life's pleasures seem as dross,
And naught but grief on earth.

And those there are by sorrow worn,
With spirits sad and low,
By friends bereft, by lover lorn—
No happiness can know.

But all life's pleasures o'er and past,
The future cold and drear—
No rest can come until at last,
The end drawn kindly near—

The weary heart no more repines,
But rests in peaceful home.
Ah these read e'en between the lines
Of life's deep, mystic tome.

And only those who do, who feel,
Who share the world's dark strife,
May know the sentiment that's real—
May live the whole of life.

Man seldom cares to ease a pain,
Or lighten human grief,
Until he feels in heart and brain,
Demand for self relief.

From palaces of pomp and power,
From riches haughty height,
Comes naught to ease the dying hour,
Or break a sorrow's blight:

But those who drudge in poverty,
And droop in humble living,
Have learned thru drear adversity,
The "God-like peace of giving."

Oh, poverty, and penury!
The world is but a school
Of discipline. Adversity,
The wielder of the rule!

Man travels on life's stormy way,
Some phantom to pursue,
Long hour by hour, and day by day,
He plods the journey thru.

Some trip along with laugh and song,
Thru all its golden treasure;
Some deeply thoughtful of its wrong,
Can grasp nor know its pleasure.

And yet we find in hopes and dreams,
In wayward Fancy's flight,
Some momentary joy. It seems,
For souls in sorrow's night;

Tho burdened down by ceaseless care.

Tho wrapped in hopeless grief,
In sweet forgetfulness there are,
Sweet seasons of relief.

Adown the wave of Lethe's stream
Full many an aching pain,
Shall vanish in some pleasant dream,
Till reason dawn again.

How haply, as the world rolls on,
With all its ceaseless strife,
We in its bosom find this boon,
This lapsing lull of life!

Ah, rest! Ah, dreams! By night or day,
When fancies musing stroll,
When all our cares flee far away,
And peace dwells in the soul!

I oft have thought, in quiet hours,
Of gladsome, golden days,
When seeking for the fairest flowers
Along life's lovely ways,

When in the spring I musing strolled
In nature's sweet commune,
Mid all her beauties, rich and old—
And music, ah no tune

Can from the cultured human voice,
Or instrument be wrung,
To make the thrilling heart rejoice
Like that by Nature sung.

The while the gentle zephyrs played
With treetops over head,
And kissed the flowerets in the glade,
And thru the forest fled,

The playful squirrel frisked glad and free,
Among the branches high,
The woodchuck pecked the olden tree,
The hare hopped quickly by,

And while the murmuring streamlet toyed
With willows drooping low;
Where close beside the wildfowl joyed
In floating to and fro,

When nature to my raptured view,
Her inward beauties brought,
Ah deeply did the scene imbue
A sweetly pleasant thought:

That smoothly as the graceful swan
Does o'er the streamlet glide,
As softly as the purling brook,
Flows on to meet the tide,—

As lightly as the evening breeze,
As cheerful and as free,
Might flow the tide of human kind—
Might live Humanity.

Did God Make Satan?

Did God make Satan? In this world of peace,
Of pristine purity, of light and joy,
Bloom knew no blight and pleasure no alloy—
Did He create the demon of caprice?
Create the strife that never more can cease?
The conflicts that our lives do so annoy?
Why send the subtle serpent to decoy?
O why let cruel wrong and crime increase?
Souls burst in anguish, fond hearts break with grief;
Grim Death despoils the noblest work of life;
Men struggle, fall, crushed as the withered leaf,
And writhe in sable storms of bitter strife.
Did'st Thou, O God, create the evil one?
Give man, we pray Thee, strength to stand alone!

Sonnet in return for Flowers

DEAR classmate, friend, kind sympathetic soul,
You cannot know what solace you have given.
You cannot know how deep my heart is riven,
With grief that human balm can ne'er condole.
My mind it seems no longer has control.
This bursting heart so hopelessly has striven.
Alas, it seems that soon I shall be driven,
Despairingly to desecrate life's whole:
Yet by these, tender blossoms I am told,
Some friends are true, some hearts are nobly
kind.
Not all the world is evil, cruel, cold—
The good still lives as gracious God designed:
Yet why this grief that will not be consoled!
This cruel anguish in the heart confined!

No Panacea

•
THERE is not an universal panacea for all ills.
Men have suffered, do and ever will below.
Every hour that dawns upon us with its grief
some bosom fills;
Every moment fills some heart with bitter woe.
While the days go by, and seasons lap the ever-
during years,
While the long and dreary ages roll away,
Rolls the tide of human sorrow, ever onward
thru the fears
Of night, thru drear December, and thru May.
Thruout every land and nation, on the bosom of
the earth,
Surge the raging storms of passion to and fro,
While around like glare of lightning leaping
wildly in its mirth,
Soul-consuming flames of anguish shed their
glow.

No there is no panacea. Man can live but to
endure,
Every pang that fills his being, every pain,
And every heartache—they can serve but to in-
ure
Him to bearing what he oft has borne, again.
Tho there is no panacea, we a palliative find
In discharge of conscious duty here below.
Man can have a hell, or heaven in the mansion
of his mind
As he chooses of life's weal or of its woe.

TO ELLA

DEEP in the silence of thy lonely tomb!
So dark and cold thy narrow bed of
clay!

Shut out from all the world, O ruthless doom,
To take thee thus from life and love away!

A life so bright, so happy, thus to close!
A love like thine to fade away so soon!
A blooming flower borne down by winter snows,
A smiling sun eclipsed before its noon.

Thou wert so happy here, all joys of earth
Seemed centered in thy being. Thou hadst
health,
And beaming beauty, and true worth,
And loving kindness—O a world of wealth!

Oft have I seen thee when the blooming flowers
Waft perfume o'er the merry winds of May,
On growing meads, or in sweet, shady bowers,
All decked in roses blooming bright and gay,

Or, in thy pleasant home, at cheerful duty,
Sing songs of mirth to lessen Mother's care,
And gladden father with thy grace and beauty,
And make of home a blissful heaven there.

From maiden modesty to childish joys,
I trace thee back thru life's unclouded way,
When playful children with thee—girls and boys
Danced in the sunlight of youth's happy May.

But few brief hours of happiness and life,
Until there came the latest struggling breath.
A season sad of suffering and strife;
Then all was o'er! Mysterious darkness,
Death!

Oh, cruel doom, that life so young and fair,
Ephemeral like, should live but one brief
day—
That all thy charms, and beauty, rich, and rare,
Fade as the rose: and as quickly droop away!

The fair, sweet flowers from welcome hope that
sprung,

All withered as her life ebbed slow away,
While those of love, more fragile, grew more
strong,

As nourished by their death and swift decay.

The flower of love will flourish in a woe,
That blights e'er they disclose, more fragile
flowers:

Tho strong the wind, adversity, may blow—
Tho ceaseless rage and dash grief's scalding
showers.

The brightest beauty fades with early dawn.
The fairest flower droops first before the frost:
Alike the rarest rose upon the lawn,
So thou, bright flower of love, art early lost.

Boating in the Dark

WERE you ever on the water
In the dark?

Skimming o'er the sparkling wavelets
In the dark?

On the midnight water boating,
Never noting
Where you're floating,
Just a boating and a floating—
In the dark?

Living is like boating
In the dark.

On the tide of time we're floating
In the dark.

Some a riding, some a rowing,
None a knowing
Where we're going,
Just a riding, and a rowing
In the dark.

Rangers

A few days ago we saw somebody coming.
The carriage was covered with white.
A fine span of dark colored, sleek looking donkeys
Drew briskly their load as if light.
E'er long they approached us, we saw they were
strangers,
And had 'neath their canvas a load,
A load of these lofty-priced, wrought iron
"ranges."
They halted their team in the road,
And after a gladsome and cordial greeting,
They drew neathe the shade of the grove.
They seemed to be overly glad of the meeting.
They wanted to sell us a stove.

So neat and well dressed were our two smiling
strangers,

With oily black hair on each head.

We think that their business is swindling
grangers.

Like their mules, they were sleek, and well
fed.

The tall one addressed us, first mentioned the
weather,

Then spoke of the prospects for grain.

The farmers were happy and prosperous whether
The merchant met losses or gain.

The farmers, he said, being all independent,

Were happiest people he knew.

And gave as a cause of their being transcendent
Their honesty carried them thru.

He also believed, tho 'twas most in defiance

Of right to the class he belonged,

That in an assembly of Farmer's Alliance

The worthiest citizens thronged.

In short, of the farmers and all of their dealings,

He ever had heartily approved.

When anything happened to injure their feelings

He also was painfully moved.

Yes, he loved the farmers, but what is that
clashing,

Which seems all the ether to move?
The stove lids together our agent is dashing
To show us the strength of his stove.

The tea-kettle, coffee pot, skillet and frying pan
Scatters he over the grove. [ing-man
To show us the strength of the metal, our ly-
Jumps on the edge of his stove.

The moulding is perfect. He said it o'er often.
'Tis lined with asbestos he cries. [coffin
That's the kind of a lining he'll need for his
When, done with ill dealing, he dies.

Both made quite a speel,
So of course we must buy;
Tho their steel was all steal,
And the price mountain high,
We just bit, being mossy backed grangers.
But talk is so cheap!
And agents will lie,
And I fear we shall weep,
As the days go by,
For the money we spent for those "rangers."

Ah, Why Not We?

 **D**EAR Love, where the soft winds round
me blow
And wave the boughs above,
Where the tufts of shadows to and fro,
O'er the soft, green grasses move,
Today I sit and think of you,
And dream of home and love.

Here a brook flows free thru a grassy dell,
I am sitting by its side.
And its song so sweet on my ear doth dwell,
In the sunny summer-tide.
Oh, Love, such rapture could not swell
My soul, were love denied!

Here blossoms bloom, a damasked bower,
 Just at my side is near
With odors sweet, O golden hour,
 The gladdest of the year!
I wish, sweet, pretty little flower,
 My precious, you were here!

The birds are here in the noon-day sun,
 They twitter up in the tree.
Some sing in the sun their merry tune,
 Some flit thru the shade so free.
They love each other this dreamy June,
 They love,—Oh, why not we?

Snow

WHAT saintly visitor in silent night
 Has called and robed the world in spot-
 less white?
What mute descendant of the murky skies
 Thruout the ether hither thither flies!

Returned

How glad the heart when some bright joy
returns!
How pleasant when the sun smiles, warm and
bright,
And fills the world with beauty and with light!
What soothing solace to the heart that yearns!
How glad indeed when some dear friend returns!
Whose absence drew about the gloom of night,
Whose presence fills each moment with delight,
And keeps aglow the soul's warm fire that burns.
Ah, how some faces beam with beauty's worth!
And charm all eyes that love the pure and
strong.
There is no costlier gift on all the earth,
And men will love it long, O long, so long!
Most truly, if these eyes were made for seeing,
Bright beauty need seek no excuse for being.

Gratitude

WHAT words can now express, or pen portray,
The gratitude I feel? O lovely flowers!
By kindly spirits sent to cheer these hours
That drag so slowly, wearily, away!
O words how weak, if but my heart could say
What bounds within its depths, had pulses
powers [bowers
Of speech—souls utterance, soon celestial
Would gladden with the music of my lay.
Kind, generous hearts, dear friends so good and
true,
Unselfish souls, for such are truly thine,
The noblest deeds the human hand can do,
Which thru the world the longest, brightest
shine [you;
Are those that gladden hearts, may God bless
You have this day brought happiness to mine.

My Pastime

J begin my hour with reading,
Thinking deeply as I read,
Over what the author teaches
And his theme;
Till my thoughts o'erflow my vision
And I grasp my pen with speed,
To assay the truth in prose
As it does seem.

Reading on and thinking deeply,
Half unwittingly I scrawl
Thoughts—additions—oppositions—
Till my prose,
Moving slowly and in rhythm,
Is no longer prose at all;
But unconsciously in blank verse
Freely flows.

Then the rhythm moves more freely,
Pulsing measures chance to chime,
Themes more beautiful and brighter thoughts
Appear.
And I leave my good philosophy
And lilt along on rhyme,
Thru the sunshine, while my muses
Dally near.

Sonnet: To a Mountain

O crude, stupendous mass, of rugged mould,
Huge emblem of the adamantine past,
My finite being shudders, stands aghast,
Thy ponderous proportions to behold!
Deep in thy bowels lay treasured wealth of gold,
And radium, but these can ne'er be classed
As treasures. Thy true riches are enmassed
In the majesty, the grandeur we behold.
Let truth, like thee, eternal, ever stand.
Let virtue as exalted ever be,
And firm as those stone cliffs sublime and grand
Let faith endure thruout eternity.
O cloud-cleft summit, piercing thru the skies,
Show mankind, higher, nobler destinies.

The Multi-Martyr

To the wilds of western prairies,
Once upon an early day,
Fled a hunted, hated martyr
From pursuers far away.

From the land of fair New England,
Where they doubted his belief,
He had journeyed to the westward.
Seeking freedom and relief.

From the village of his father,
From the happiness of home,
From his loved ones and his sweethearts
He was forced to go and roam.

Till at last foot-sore and weary,
Safe from those who did pursue,
For a while he sought sweet refuge
In the village of Nuavoo.

There he married thirty wives
And every wife became a mother.
He became a multi-martyr:
Which was worse, the which or 'tother?

The Skeptical-Maniac

I know no joy or grief in life.
I know no future—heaven—hell—
Nor love, nor fear, nor ease nor strife,
I know nor care not, ill or well,

Of health or wealth, or joy or grief,
Of good or ill—of weal or woe—
And know that I am past relief
By aught the future could bestow.

A wanderer without abode,
To trudge alone life's thorny way
And bend and ache beneath my load
A bruised and barren piece of clay.

A mind blase, a calloused soul,
A heart unwarmed by love's desire,
A tasteless draught in broken bowl—
No hope more bright than funeral pyre.

Blest souls, whose eyes perceive the way,
To faith and duty, truth and right,
Cease not your efforts, toil and pray
Till every soul can see the light.

A Conundrum:

The Nigger and The Chigger

If the digger of a chigger
Should stay,
In the figger of a nigger
For a day:
Would the chigger be the digger,
Or the digger be the nigger
Do you say?

If the digger of a chigger
Should stay,
In the figger of a nigger
All day;
Would the nigger be the bigger
Or the bigger be the chigger,
Which way?

If the digger of a chigger
Should stay,
In the figger of a nigger
All way:
Would the figger be a chigger
With the figger of a nigger
Or the nigger with the digger
Of a chigger?
Go way!

A Song of Quivera

Ye green leaves and ye branches,
That surround my rural cottage,
How the effluence of thy beauty
Fills the eyes that gaze upon thee!
O, ye morning rays of sunlight,
Flooding o'er the hills and tree tops,
How ye smile adown the valleys,
Rich with glow of sparkling dew drops!
How ye drive away the shadows—
How ye light the lovely landscape!
O, ye fill my heart with gladness,
As ye beam from out the heavens!
How I love the morning freshness!
How I love the light and shadow!

There is joy within the sunlight
That beams o'er the fields and meadows.
There is beauty on the landscape,
Where all nature's scenes are glowing.

Come and list, the heart that's aching
Longer cannot feel its anguish:
Come and list, in nature's teachings,
Thou canst find a soothing solace.
Life and love shall be requited.
And the soul find sorrow ceasing.

Sweetest voice of breathing zephyrs,
Singing, floating thru the sunlight;
Kissing cheeks of fairest blossoms;
All aglow with beams of lovelight;
Ye have soothed my heartfelt sadness,
Ye have filled my soul with music,
Now within me, soft strains echo,
Pulsing, waving, thru my bosom.

Among the hills where grew sweet blossoms
Of the fair land of Quivera,
Where the morning rays of sunshine
Kissed with softest touch the landscape,
Bathed all in a flood of dewdrops,
There mid scent of sweetest blossoms
Borne adown the slopes and valleys
By the balmy breeze of summer;
There where nature smiled upon them,
With her smile so pure and lovelike,

Lived a grandsire old and feeble
And his young and fair granddaughter.

They had lived alone together
Since his old, loved wife departed;
All alone, while in the valley
Lovely wild flowers bloomed around them.

Drear, and dull had been life's story
To the old man old and feeble,
For his days were full of sorrow,
And his aged heart was broken,
Sadly broken, so forever
Doomed was he to grief and sadness.

On the morning, in the sunlight,
In the noontide, or in even,
Mourned he in deep tones of anguish,
"Let me die, my heart is broken."
Thus the old man, weak and trembling,
Thru the years bemoaned his sorrow.

Thru the happy hours of childhood,
She had lived with buds and blossoms;
She had breathed the breath of springtime,
And the scented air of summer
With perfume of roses laden.

Like the buds her years were tender.
Like the birds, her heart was happy;
And her soul was like the zephyrs—
Sweet, and pure and filled with music.
She had grown alike the blossoms,
That she plucked from out the meadow.
Her soft cheek wore purer color
Than the blushing rose of summer;
And her breath was filled with fragrance
That surpassed all floral sweetness.

Thus the charming little maiden,
In her childlike grace and beauty,
Filled her grandpa's house with lovelight
While the years they passed together.
She would hold his hand so shrunken,
With her own and kiss it softly,
With the words,—“I love you grandpa.”
And her voice was sweet and tender.
She would climb unto his bosom,
Place her childlike arms about him;
And she drove out many sorrows
With her deeds of loving kindness.
But, his spirit sorely wounded,
Since his life-love had departed,
Ne'er spoke he in tones of gladness—
Lifted e'en his voice to heaven—
For his heart with grief was broken,
And he longed to sleep beside her.

Little Grace, come sit beside me.
Grandpa's heart is sad and lonely.
Let him see your smile of sunshine,
Let him hear your girlish laughter,—
Soothe his heart with strains of music;
Lift your voice in tones of gladness,
Grandpa's weak his limbs are trembling.
Grandpa's heart is sad and lonely.
Let me hold you, daughter Gracie,
On my knee so stiff and shrunken;
Let these fingers old and trembling
Hold your hands, so soft and snow-white.
Come and hear your grandpa's story;
Soothe his old heart sunk in sorrow,
For his life is near its closing:
Soon his old heart beats no longer;
Soon will close his years of sorrow.
In his arms she heard his story.
Gazing up so meek and childlike,
Her young heart was touched with pity
By his words so sadly spoken.

Long, and sad indeed his story,
He has trudged life's rugged pathway

Thru its dark, and dreary places,
Strewn with thorns and rudest thistles.
He had towered in heights of glory
While a nation gazed upon him—
Had been torn away in exile—
Dragged into a dreary dungeon.
He had supped life's purest pleasure,
He had drank its dregs of sorrow;
Dearest things before him perished:
Now his happiness was over!
And as evening cast its shadow,
He beside the fireside drooping,
Sat and told his doleful story,
Till his voice could speak no longer.

Little Grace, so pure and lovely,
On his knee sat sweetly singing
Songs her grandma used to sing him
When their years were young and tender.
Sang she in sweet girlish accents,
Songs of home, and hope and heaven.

She had wealth of golden tresses
Loosely flung about her shoulders,
Eyes as mild and pure as starlight—
Smile as sweet as rays of heaven.
Then she sang of scenes around her—
Songs of birds and woodland music—

Sang of wild flowers that were blooming
Down beside the murmuring streamlet.
All of nature seemed unto her
Singing forth in songs of gladness,
And she breathed sweet strains of music
Till she soothed his soul-felt sadness;
And he said, "my heart is lighter"
Now my life is free from sorrow.
Close unto his heart he pressed her,
While his soul dwelt in its solace.
And his old face beamed with gladness
And the evening gathered round him.

Thus within the twilight, fading,
Drooped his head upon her shoulder.
Kindly Nature soon had borne them
To the land of peaceful slumber:
And the gray locks intermingled
With the silken curls, all golden.

Evening closes, and the morning
Dawns upon the grandsire sleeping.
Peaceful sleep that knows no waking
On this side of death's calm river.
All around the birds are singing—
Breezes blowing—branches waving,
And the wildflowers still are blooming,
On the hills of Fair Quivera.

To Our Soldiers in Blue

THE billows of war are turned back from the strand.

Now the day-dream of peace lulls the soul into slumber.

The red hand of strife is at rest in the land,

And our souls unto God breathe in prayers without number.

The sharp pangs at parting from those whom we cherished

Are eased, and our bosoms may peacefully rest.

Our prayers and our tears for the dear ones who perished.

All praise unto God whom our cause has so blest.

The fair isle of Cuba lay prostrate in grief,

Her liberty strangled by Spain's tyrant hand;

But our brave boys rushed manfully to the relief

And now she stands free as our own blessed land.

To the flower of our hope, to our soldiers in blue,
A welcome, glad welcome, again to our home.
All honor and glory forever be due.
In triumph our conquering heroes have come.

'Tis enough, we have peace, and our brave boys,
before us,
Return to the hearts who have loved them so
true.
Triumphant they bear that proud flag, stream-
ing o'er us.
All hail to the cause of the Red White and
Blue!

Punishment

Is it not a great deal wiser,
Crimes and vices to prevent,
Than to try to cure their evil
By inflicting punishment?

Let us educate the people.
Teach divine, and human law.
Then our prisons will be churches—
Human action know no flaw.

Oh Can I Wait!

Oh can I wait until that distant day!
The sluggish moments, how they drag
away,
And, lagging, loitring, seem to laugh with glee
Because of my impatience! Dear Marie,
The end of time seems nearer than the date.
I cannot, oh it seems I cannot, wait!

Oh can I wait! It will be long, so long
E'er we may stand before the listless throng,
And I to all the world proclaim my own
Marie to be my wife! Life is so lone
Without you! I rebel! I challenge fate.
I cannot no I will not longer wait!

Blow, blow ye winds, and beat the sail's broad side;

Blow, blow, and bring to me my happy bride.

Plow, sturdy ship, in haste the rugged sea

And bear unto my breast my sweet Marie.

E'en as my own heart bounds to meet its mate

Bound o'er the sea and bring thy precious freight;

Haste, haste, oh ship! I cannot cannot wait!

Days, weeks go by and silent sleeps the sea.

Hope's sun sinks low. No ship comes back to me.

The gray gull soars above the silent deep

Within whose lonely depths my love doth sleep.

I yield! at last, O cold relentless fate!

Alas! alas! For I must wait! Forever wait!

Devotion

• *H*as the white-crested waves, in unceasing
commotion,
Imploringly, vainly reach up to the sky,
So our hearts, ever true, in unending devotion,
Reach out to each other as years hurry by.

A Table of Woe

• *T*here in my brain one faculty I find
Superior to Von Helmont's seat of mind,
If from my source of intellectual power
Comes aught but fog and mist in murky shower,
If thru my mental sky, so dull and dark,
A fissure break, emitting one lone spark
Of thought, the story I relate is true;
If tiresome, please forbear, 'twill soon be thru.

One gloomy eve, the sky o'er head was dull,
And full of mist and gloom, the moon, half full,
Slow struggling thru the cold, black wintry cloud,
But half lit up earth's snowy, frozen shroud.
The wind, sad-moaning thru the forest near,
Bore doleful music to my pensive ear,
And all of nature's light and warmth seemed
 flown;
Her very gloomiest aspect was her own.

Affected by the scene and half dismayed,
In heavy mood unconsciously I strayed
Thru-out the dismal night, and aimlessly,
Nor knowing not nor caring where I'd be,
When suddenly there fell upon my ear
A voice, a voice to me forever dear.
A friend whom I had known and loved in youth,
As truly as one loves who loves the truth,
Stood there beside me but within a pace.
The moon shone out and lighted up his face.
I saw beneath the moon's soft shimm'ring rays,
A face which beamed with smiles in earlier days,

All wrinkled now and furrowed with dull care,
I gazed upon the traces of despair
In utter consternation, then I spoke,
And in the gloom the awful silence broke.

Why is it, friend, that thus I find you here?
Has fate reduced you thus a wanderer?
O where that form in friendship's clasp so oft
We've met—that face—those cheeks so full and
soft,
Those sparkling eyes, in beauteous lustre shone—
O where the youth and health that were your
own?

Sad thought had worn him proof to all surprise.
He raised his head and quietly his eyes
Were fixed in steady gaze upon my own,
And thus he spoke in sad and solemn tone:

My Friend's Story

Dear friend, forever kind and true,
My sorrows I reveal to you.
May they upon your mind impress
The magnitude of my distress,

And may they for an hour adorn
Thy memory of a friend forlorn.
My trouble-laden soul must find
Some friend that's trusty, true and kind
To bear with it its heavy load
Along life's joy-forsaken road,
And now with pleading voice I ask
At least your sympathy in the task.

If in my sorrow I should roam
Away from parents, friends and home,
And waste a life of usefulness,
In vice and sin and wickedness,
And finally in frantic mood
At suicide pour out my blood,
Or at some river's lonely side
Submerge myself beneath the tide,
Remember that the cause was wrought
By treacherous fiends, who eager sought
To steal the treasure of my heart.
And force my happiness to depart.

In this solemn, dreary hour,
I would to God I had the power
To wreak on them my vengeance dire,
I'd thrust them in eternal fire,
And every bone in every frame,
Of every carcass of the name,
And all the flesh that ever grew
On bones of the accursed crew,
With pleasure could I see them roast—
In satisfaction view the toast!

But these are idle words to say
When time to act has passed away.
The day is gone, the deed is done,
Their treacherous game forever won.
It matters not how one may grieve,
The hour is set there 's no reprieve.

They talk of woman born to weep,
Man also has that trust to keep,
And of all causes known on earth,
By God or devil given birth,

In land or sea, or sky above,
The foremost of them all is love.
Ah, helpless man by love once smitten!
A tender lamb by serpent bitten.
The poison fangs within thy heart
Their venom to thy soul impart.
Alike no helper heeds their cries,
Or strives to ease their agonies.
Poor, pitied creatures! Pass them by,
They can but pine away and die.
The new-caught tiger in his cage
Not more than he can storm and rage.

Such is the work of love's strange spell
That drives so many souls to hell.

Full well I know whereof I speak;
For I, like other men, am weak
Before this Goddess, Love divine.
All mankind worship at her shrine.
When first before her shrine I knelt
Oh what ecstatic joy I felt!

It seemed there had a new change come
O'er my surroundings and my home.
I thought that joy, from heaven's dome,
Bestowed by angels, was my own,
And over my whole life was cast
A sunshine that I thought would last.

Tho naught with constancy is blest,
In love there's least of all the rest.
When all her favors fled so soon,
'Twas like the sun had set at noon.
Then, in the gloom, her poison dart
She thrust into my bleeding heart.
Staggering backward there I fell
And suffered more than tongue can tell.
Love's arrows ne'er can kill, but then,
They never fail to ruin men.
My life was saved. Unholy thing!
But for it death might freedom bring.

The blow was more than I could bear,
And writhing, raging in despair

Oblivious to the good and pure,
In depths of night, by ways obscure,
I, wend my god-forsaken way
To haunts where once I strolled by day,
In those loved days when life was May.
Obscured beneath the shadowed wall,
Bemoan my sad disgraceful fall,
And sit beneath the clouded skies
In darkness and soliloquize:

Debased, degraded, dregs of earth!
I curse the land which gave me birth,
And curse the day on which was born
Such low forsaken wretch forlorn.
I'm worthless now as so much soil,
And trod as much in life's turmoil.
In my own heart my sin I feel
Full cognizant, I know it well.

Ah well, I was not always so!
My tale, all told, is full of woe,
And be it known, the time was when,

I ranked among the first young men;
But fortune changed me and my lot,
So earth is now a hated spot,
Which to my life bright joy once brought—
Gave to me all I asked or sought;
But now 'tis changed, all joys are gone—
I'm left to live in grief alone,
And reap the wrongs by others sown.
And thoughts of joys of by-gone years
But fill my eyes with streaming tears,
And in my heart renew the pain
That drives me to despair again.

Oh, hearts once warmed by friendship's fuel,
Are stabbed by traitors, strong and cruel,
And links of love, all torn apart,
Lie broken in each lonely heart.

Oh fate, when all things else have failed,
Our hopes all lost—griefs but bewailed—
Appeals to God and man all lost
On troubled tempests helpless tossed,

Wilt thou not come to mercy given,
As God or angel straight from heaven,
Wilt thou not kindly rescue me
And give me death or liberty?

Another deed that love has done,
Another life of pleasure gone!

He turned and vanished from my sight!
I knew not where, I knew not why.
All thru the dim and dreary night
I called and called, but no reply.

He was gone! and I feared forever gone;
So burdened down with grief and care,
Wandering thru the world alone,
No friend his lasting grief to share.

My thoughts were sad as I turned that night
From vain research to my Mother's door;
For within my heart it had seemed to blight
My happiness forever more.

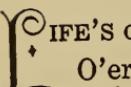
Oh men and maids the world is full
Of grief and pain and strife,
And death at the end, with sickle dull,
Will reap the grain of life.

Oh then from our care may we all be free,
In happy homes above,
To dwell in peace and harmony,
Sweet purity and love.

Just Why

• WHEN this old world was wisely planned,
By that omniscient power above,
Just why, I cannot understand,
He did not more of goodness prove
And pass decree o'er every land
That all are loved by those they love.

Resignation

 LIFE's ocean winds impel me on,
O'er seas unsought, unknown.
My heart's fond treasure lost and gone,
I drift and drift alone.
And better thus, since 'round me roll
Huge billows of dark strife.
Why should the burden on my soul
Sink still another life?
Aye onward drift, however roar
The furies of the deep.
A few more days, life's sorrow o'er,
We all may rest and sleep.
Oh Mother come again to me
And soothe my aching breast!
Oh Father hold me on your knee!
My bosom yearns for rest.

The Log-Book

IT seems our barks have drifted far apart,
Unpiloted on life's uncertain sea.

What is the log-book entry in your heart,
As love and dreamland fade in memory?

What means the mandate of eternal years,
That hearts must sink from happiness to woe?
What is the lesson taught us by our tears,
As life's dull dirge is sung in measure slow?

Mine is of sorrow, that life's dearest treasure,
Requited love, is lost to me for aye—
Of joy, that still I have the priceless pleasure,
To worship you and dream the hours away—

Of hope, that, sometime, o'er life's drear, gray
ocean,
Soft winds, weal-leavened, yet may waft our
sails
To some secluded harbor of devotion,
Where love is anchor, and sweet calm prevails.

Musings

Chautauqua Park, Beatrice, Nebraska,
July 6, 1890

I sit beneath the shadow of the grove.
Around me surge the ever-moving throng.
Some forty thousand gather here today,
To hear two orators of world renown.

Far in the woods the crowds grow thinner till
But wandering couples here and there are seen,
Or stragglers lone among the shady trees.

Tents, too, along the outer park are seen,
With wife and childred round the open door.
The husband talks with friends beneath the trees
And rests in oaken chair or on the ground.

The grove is large, ten-thousand feet around,
Well filled with stately trees of many kinds;
And flags and bunting decorate the trees,
And bluegrass carpets all the surface o'er.

Two gates, with massive arch most beautiful—,
The entrance and the exit for the throng.
Along one side the dark Blue river rolls.
A graceful bend is made here in the stream,
Avoiding here a hillock, there a ledge,
Whose adamantine ribs defy its power.

Two tiny streamlets, flowing thru the grounds,
With banks, smooth mown, and bridges here and
there,
To thirsty throats yield up their liquid draught;
And children play beside them all day long.

The forest trees, by woodman's ax unmarred,
Display their native beauty, green and grand.
Youths gayly swing upon their bending boughs
And age reclines beneath their cooling shade.

A tall tent stands upon the green hillside.
Some showmen there display their skill tonight,
Pant for the fame such tricks can never earn,
And grasp the mighty dollar first of all.

The thousands crowd beneath the spreading roof,
Convened from all the country far and near,
To hear the great divine whose voice and mind
Have won renown and fame on every land.

The weaker ones are baffled and turned back,
Not able long to press against the throng;
The strong and lofty lift their heads above
And close the view to all who stand behind;
With fluffy hats and gaudy plumes galore.

How much like other animals are men!
So many men, alas, and women too,
Acquiring what they wish, they have no care
For poor down-trodden beings left behind.

The strong-voiced speaker penetrates each ear,
And charms each sight till deadly silence falls,
Then bears each mind with him along the line
Of thought his intellect has hewn before
Until he claims their laughter or applause,
Or drives them into grief and bitter tears.

They now disperse. The vast commingled throng
I view to note the faces as they pass.
Some dreamy, weary, far-off-looking eyes
Bespeak sad longing for some lifelong aim,
No more to be accomplished in this life—
Or deep desire whose burning in the soul
Thru all the dreary years does never cease!
Some faces, bright and happy as they pass,
Show not one trace of sorrow. May the years
Increase their number, and each forlorn breast
Soon find a solace that will soothe and heal.

A Winter Evening

A bright, December day is near its close.
The light is lingering on the western
hills,
In dazzling beauty.—How it gleams and glows
On field and forest! All the air it fills
With brilliant colors. Meadows broad and brown,
Are brightened and all glowing in the light,
And smiling as the beams stoop gently down
To kiss their cheeks a soft and sweet good night.

Falling Leaves

THE leaves are falling fast.
The green soon turns to gray.
Life, color, beauty past,
Then death and swift decay.

The years are flying fast.
Our heads will soon be gray,
Ambition, power, past,
Then comes the final day.

O joy, while joy yet thrills!
Aye love, while love is ours.
Procrastination kills.
Frost withers fragrant flowers.

Dear Love, e'er eyes grow dim,
E'er hearts grow strangely cold,
Pray heed the prayer of him
Whose grief is unsooled.

The Silent River

By the side of the silent river,
Which moves so tranquilly,
In its downward course forever,
I sit and think of thee.

On the shore of life's wide, drear ocean,
I pine all alone on the pier,
With my heart full of deepest emotion
And longing for you, my Dear.

And as constant and true in devotion
As the river's course down to the sea,
And far deeper indeed than the ocean,
Is my lasting love of thee.

Oh the ship of my love seems freighted
Too heavily to arrive.
And my hope too dissipated
Much longer to survive.

Flown on, O silent river!
Sail home, O ship to me!
For my love is true forever—
True to eternity.

Gratitude

Dear friend, I owe a debt to you today,
A debt my hand nor heart can e'er repay;
A debt not paid in gold, were gold in store—
Can but be paid in love by loving more.
God bless you, tho we never meet again,
I cherish you; for you to me have been
A solace in my soul's dark hour of grief,
A balm to give a moments sweet relief.
Good bye, O may your trials in life be few!
Space measures not my gratitude to you.

A Criticism and a Wish

I have too much emotion. The wave of my love
No limiting sand seems to know,
But forever moves onward till white cliffs above
Stem its tense heated tide with their snow.

And the depth of my hatred no bound ever knew,
A billow in stormiest sea—
Maelstrom of destruction—I calm it, 'tis true,
But it seethes like a caldron in me.

May I calm every wave that is restless in me,
Nor to trouble life's voyage again.
May my love of mankind be as deep as the sea
And as broad as the breast of the main.

A Hymn

O Lord, my soul doth sing Thy praise!
My God, I trust in Thee.

Show me the light of Christian ways,
And Christ and purity.

My way is dark, no light doth shine,
No solace, no retreat.

I turn to Thee, O God and Thine,
Guide Thou my wand'ring feet.

My heart is full of deep unrest,
My life is void of pleasure.

O are there homes among the blest,
Of joy in fullest measure?

O are there homes where sorrows cease,
And mortal ills dissever?

Where weary souls may dwell in peace
And joy and rest forever?

My God, I seek that shining goal !
O Father, may I come?

Take Thou my life, take Thou my soul,
This world is not my home.

Do You Think of Me?

Do you think of me, as the days go by,
As Time, with his rude relentless tie,
Draws closer the veil o'er our youth's bright sky?
Do you sometimes think of me?

Was friendship's bud that joyous opened,
When in youth for warmer love we hoped,
So chilled by the grief with which we coped
That it blooms not now for me?

Was love's sweet breath that once did blow,
O'er our lives with gladness all aglow,
With gossip's dust polluted so
That you have no love for me?

Has remembrance entirely passed away?
Have I gone from the fields where your dear
thoughts play?
I shall love you Dear to my dying day,
Pray sometimes think of me !

Not to Have and to Hold

*N*ot to have and to hold, not to kiss and caress,

Just to stand at a distance and cherish and bless;
Not to fold to my bosom and lull her to sleep,
As a good ship becalmed on the breast of the deep;

Not to bathe in those tresses and drink in those eyes,

As deep as the ocean and clear as the skies;
Not to press those dear lips as my heart would desire,

Nor to do aught to quench love's insatiate fire;
Not to have and to hold, not to kiss and caress,
Just to stand at a distance and cherish and bless.

How rich seems the ore of whose vein we lose trace !

How lovely the form that we cannot embrace !
How bright seems the sun to a man in a cave—
How dear is the loved one we know we can't have !

God hath given each part and each power that we have.

Is it weakness to want—a crime to crave?

Has the eagle its wings not to soar in the sky?
The songster his tune not to warble on high?
Has the rainbow its hue and the blossom its scent
To be hidden and lost in the vast firmament?
Is the cup of our joy of so fragile a make
That, filled once in a lifetime, the vessel would
break?
Must we gaze upon beauty, nor yield to its power?
Stroll all thru the garden, but touch not a flower?
Know the warmth of the sunlight, yet dwell in a
cave?
Look on fashion's gay whirl, yet with loneliness
rave?
Gasp for air in a meadow, yea stand on the brink
Of a world-bounded ocean, yet famish for drink?
In the wide world of plenty should famine pre-
vail?
Must a lone life be shipwrecked in sight of a sail?
Oft who long most for gold can have nothing
but dross,
Oft who seek greatest gain meet the heaviest
loss,
But the gilt and the glory, of land or of sea,
And the glitter of gold are as nothing to me.
I desire nothing more and desire nothing less
Than to have you to hold and to kiss and caress.

Sweet Darling, my angel, my love's cherished
dream,

My heart's sacred idol, my muse's fair theme,—
As pure as the snowflake, as fair as the flower,
As dear as the mem'ry of some vanished hour:
Voluptuous virgin, of heaven, yet earth,—
The stars sang together the morn of thy birth,
And Venus there posed and the sculptor divine
Formed his favorite image—that image was
thine,

Imbued with the grace of the Master above,
Formed but to fondle, designed but to love,
Earth's costliest treasure, above or below,
The last, dearest pleasure that mortal can
know—

I would sacrifice all and the sacrifice bless
Could I have you to hold and to kiss and caress.

The Holiday

•WELL pleased to hear "Old Prexy" say,
The pipes were burst and there would be
No classes held thruout the day,
The students cheered most merrily.

The bell was tapped, all crowded out,
And hurried here and there,
Full many a joyous song and shout
Fell on the wintry air.

The bounding echoes on the walls
Re-echoed as they sang,
While down the stairs and distant halls
The mingled music rang.

A merry medley filled the place,
Of song and laughter gay.
And one could read in every face
"Now for a holiday!"

Oh blessed youth, oh bloom of May !
It thrills my soul with pleasure
To think of that glad holiday—
And yet I've lost that treasure.

Misgivings

IT seems, Dear, sometimes that I bore you.
A sad, sullen, silence steals o'er you.

It seems that you say,
I wish he were away,
And my heart breaks to feel that I bore you.

Dear love, I forever adore you,
And I swear, by the future before you,
I will bow at thy will
Till my pulses stand still.
May the angels in heaven watch o'er you !

In Imitation of Don Juan

THE hour is just slipping o'er past shades of
night,
So close is the coming of day's lovely dawn,
And here in the gloom of this misty like light,
Whose darkness dissolves in the brightness of
morn,
I take up my pen a few verses to write
In stanzas and metre like Byron's Don Juan.
Be his bed of the hottest that sinners e'er lie on,
This lusty adventurous hero of Byron.

Respite

MID the strife and storm at ocean,
Comes a calm upon the deep.

Oft amid life's wild commotion
Comes a lull of rest and sleep.

Often when the heart is weary,
With the cares of busy life,
Comes respite from scenes so dreary,
Comes a moment free from strife.

From the struggle of existence,
From the heat of crowded mart—
Battling 'gainst the world's resistance
With the muscle, mind and heart,

What sweet peace, what satisfaction !
O what rest it is to be
Lapsing in the whole reaction
Of a soulful harmony.

Such a calm now soothes my spirit,
Such a lull is in my breast.
Joy supernal now, or near it,
Thrills my soul this hour of rest.

True, I was a clumsy feature,
Mid so many pleasing graces,
Trite, uncouth, unmated creature;
But your smiling beaming faces

Lit my soul and filled with leaven
All my being that glad hour,
As the smiling beams of heaven
Burst in bloom the prairie flower.

Like a lone, unskilled musician,
Midst a grand celestial choir,
Cognizance of my position
Could not quench my heart's desire.

Let me thank you then kind hostess
For the pleasure you have given.
Oft delights which least do cost us
Lift us nearest unto heaven.

I have viewed the western prairies
Where the flowers were blooming wild,
I have strolled adown the valleys
Where the morning sunlight smiled,

I have stood at noon and listened
To the song-bird on the hill—
Wandered thru the wood at even,
Rested by the rippling rill;

But no rest was ever dearer,
But no scene was e'er more bright,
Nor was happiness brought nearer;
Than upon that hallowed night.

Pray accept this little token
Of my gratitude to you.
Words are weak that may be spoken
Hearts alone reveal the true.

A Fragment

I love the song-birds' singing,
I love the summer flowers;
And chimes of evening ringing
Thruout the woodland bowers.

Skating

NOTE:—These impromptu lines were in response to a request to write a poem in five minutes on the subject, skating.

*S*KATING! O it is so nice,
Gliding o'er the giddy ice !
Gazing thru the crust below,
Scarce an inch thick, 'way you go,
This way, that way, swerve and sway,
Like some restless bird at play.
Sailing, skimming thru the air—
There was never sport more rare.
Then it is such royal fun
When a race is to be run.
Girls and boys and boys and girls—
Each one this way, that way, whirls,
Impatient for the risky race,
With lively limb and eager face.
All form a row. Line up there Ned.
Away you go ! Time up? “Nuff said.”

A Satire

ACCOMPLISHED cousin, schoolmate, friend,
Congratulations I extend

To you in your position,
As editor Republican.
You now must be a putty man
And stick to that condition.

You know the pranks upon those girls,
And on the wag with auburn curls,
I tell you what the fact is,
You did so well one wicked thing
Now see again if you can bring,
Your tact into your practice.

Majorities must always rule,
For might is right and any fool
Who differs is a crank;
So smile on almost every one,
And surely those with good clothes on
And money in the bank.

Now Putty, drink with those who drink,
But "kill" your breath, for some do think
That drinking is a vice.

And you must play with those who play,
That is if they won't give you 'way,
And if you have the price.

A Populist you must not be,
Nor Socialist, nor thinker free,
Join the unthinking side.
And boom the party now in power
And preach its gospel hour by hour.
Let Grover Cleveland slide.

Free trade and finance, too, let fall;
But shout protection till each wall
Shall echo with your voice.
You must not for the right contend,
No principle of truth defend,
But falsehood take by choice.

That is if it is well received,
And by the major side believed;
But if it is not so,
Then quickly to the other sway,
The peoples' way must be your way
And with them you must go.

Support in full all party laws,
Tho they be filled with brutal flaws,
And many be oppressed.
If mortal tumbles down fame's hill,
Why, as he tumbles, kick him still.
Be always like the rest.

As silv'ry rays
And sunny days
As clouds and stormy weather,
Policy sweet
And bread and meat
In politics go together.

Fragments

HE air was calm, the sky was clear,
The quiet stars, so sparkling bright,
Cast gently o'er our earthly sphere,
In silvery rays, their shimmering light.

The earth's broad breast was colored green
With woodlands, hedges, fields and grass,
And half enraptured by the scene
I sat and watched the night hours pass.

Purity

To Miss —

• *A*h! what a world is this of ours!
So well designed, so wisely planned !
It yields of thorns, or yields of flowers,
As those who sow the seed command.

It yields us sorrow—yields us joy—
As we but choose the weal or woe.
And those have joy, without alloy,
Who rightly choose the way to go.
Well hast thou chosen, pretty maid,
Life's beauteous, flowery, path to tread;
Altho not always flowers were laid
Along thy path, but thorns instead.

Such boundless joy when one can feel
Another's heart beat as its own !
Ah ! Happy lot ! Unclouded weal !
Life's gloomy shadows all have flown.

Thy pure, sweet life dost wear a gem,
That keeps its pathway all aglow;
'Tis purity. No diadem
Of priceless pearls could sparkle so !
Celestial gleam of light may shine,
O'er hill and vale and running stream;
Be purity's rich beauty thine,
'Twill ever glow a crystal beam.

To —

J'VE sat me down to write some lines to you,
And hope to have some rhythm in them too.
I've all the paper easy to be found,
And pen and ink and pencils scattered round.
A little table just my height to share
When sitting straight, cross-legged on a chair.
I'm looking out the window o'er the hill
In hope with active thought my mind to fill,
But gazing on the window or the wall,
Or roof or floor or anything at all,
Has failed so far to fill my mind with thought;
But certainly it seems as though it ought.
My thoughts are scattered like the bits of hay
We gather in the mead on summer day.
My ideas are few and far between,
As any tufts of grasses I have seen.
My brain I'm sure, as spongy and as loose
As any stack we make—but then no use
To write to you about my sad condition;
Because you are no practicing physician.
I danced last night until the hours grew small,
This said, and I've accounted for it all.
But now I wonder how with murky mind
The substance for a poem I may find.
I cannot write, I'll give it up, no use,
I'll blame the whole bad business on my muse.

Normal Bells

AIR:—"GOSPEL BELLS."

THE Normal Bells are ringing
Out the tidings glad and free;
Hark ! the sound of our glad triumph,
O, how sweet to you and me !
Our Kansas Normal School,
We so long have loved so well,
We have crowned at last in triumph,
Hear the Kansas Normal Bell.

CHORUS.

Normal Bells, how they ring,
Out the tidings glad and free;
Freely ring ! we've a wing !
We have wings for you and me.

Our Kansas legislature,
Through her ceaseless strife and toil,
Never once from conscious duty,
Or from honor did recoil.
Our new wing appropriation
Passed with yeas from voices all,
O, we shout in exultation !
Sound the merry Normal call.

Still the Normal Bells are ringing,
Still our hearts are glad and free,
With rejoicing and with singing,
While the joyful moments flee.
Let us onward march in triumph,
Never let our ardor cool,
Bless the Kansas legislature !
Bless the Kansas Normal School !

I Love You

 You do not know, Dear, how I love
you.
Your young bosom feels not the thrill
That makes my heart ache and stand still,
And then bound wildly onward. I love you.
You do not know, Dear, how I love you.
You scorn loving words that I speak,
And withdraw your soft hand or your cheek
That I cannot show, Dear, how I love you.
You do not know, Dear, how I love you—
How, my precious, your scorn or your smile
Makes me heaven or hell for the while,—
O you do not know, Dear, how I love you !
You do not know, Dear, how I love you !
I pray you to wait with your heart,
Held from all others apart,
Till you learn, Dear, to know how I love you !

To a Friend

You call me a poet, an error how gross!

Of all the things under the sun,
I am not a poet, not even the dross
Of what might have been made into one.

If I were a poet, my thoughts on the wings
Of the morning would hasten away
To spiritual realms, to loftier things,
Above this cold earth and her clay.

They would start with the flow of old Time's
sleepy tide—
Skim light o'er the beautiful wave—
Thru all of her seasons and ages to glide
And poise on eternity's grave.

They would pause on the present to banish the
wrong.

They would yield to the future a gem:
And o'er the dead past they would chant a song—
A tuneful requiem.

I would sing to men's minds of the truth they
should know,
And my songs would sink deep in the soul:
But I am not a poet, so have to sail low,
And aim not for the genius' goal.

Coming Through the Aisle

If you meet a Normal lassie—
Coming thru the aisle,
Ask her why she is so happy—
Coming thru the aisle,
She will smile and tell you sweetly,
Free from every guile,
“O all the lads they smile at me while
Coming thru the aisle !”

In Assembly all so silent
Sit in sober style,
Twenty wise and good professors
Watching all the while.
Soon the tiny bells are ringing,
Soon we form in file;
O, then you see the fun beginning
Coming thru the aisle !

If a senior meet a junior—
Coming thru the aisle,
Need a senior tell a junior
“Keep in single file?”
Junior sees a huge professor’s
Feelings ’gin to rile,
And joins a party at twelve-thirty—
Coming thru the aisle.

If a bonnie junior lassie—

 Coming thru the aisle,

Moves so gracefully before you,

 Close in single file :

Is it wrong to linger near her—

 Laugh and talk and smile,

With no professor near to hear you—

 Coming thru the aisle?

Stately senior slowly moving,

 Moving thru the aisle,

Junior lassie close beside him,

 Not in single file;

Round and round the circle moving

 More than half a mile,

O happy day ! O pleasant way of

 Coming thru the aisle !

Soon will school day-dreams be over—

 Coming thru the aisle.

Soon we'll stroll thru fields of clover

 Happy hours to guile;

Soon we'll tread life's flowery path,

 Tho not in single file;

So smile you lassie, bonnie lassie—

 Coming thru the aisle.

Gentlemen Seniors of '94

Read before the Kansas State Normal Senior Class of 1894 of
which the author was class poet.

FROM the dreams of our youth, from our
childhood's wild fancies,
So many sweet visions have vanished from
sight,
In the heart's happy dreamland, so many huge
castles
Lie crumbled and lost in oblivion's night.

Yet the scenes that have faded—rich joys that

have vanished—

Return with the years and are with us again.
Out in life's fertile fields, strewn with sunshine
and shadow,
We strive with the thistle, and garner the
grain.

In our school we have reaped a most bountiful
harvest.

While autumn flowers bloom, and the autumn
leaves lower,

We have gleaned all the fields of the lovely
Quivera,

And garnered the Seniors of Ninety and Four.

Of the Gentlemen Seniors alone would we dream.

The fairer, the lovelier half of the class—

So charming a subject, so lofty a theme—

It must be our mission in silence to pass.

Suffice it to say, that the Moonlight is beaming,

Reflecting the smile and the light of each Son:
That, deep in each soul, young love sweetly
dreaming,

Awaits till its mission of joy is begun.

One Berry is "ripe", but we have Means to
gather.

Many Sons smile sweetly on Moore, Craig and
Glenn.

One wants to be Stout. Another would rather
Be-Long to one of the senior young men.

We have Gentlemen Seniors of divers descrip-
tions,

Have weak ones and strong ones—have short
ones and tall:—

Have brown-eyes, and blue-eyes—have men wise
and unwise—

Have good men, and bad men—men great, and
men small.

If school-boards want teachers of any description

We're sure we can quickly supply the demands,
Make known what you want. We will fill the
prescription.

We turn out school teachers all sizes and
brands.

If farm hands are wanted, we always supply
them.

If carpenters, clerks, or maulers of rails,
If lawyers or sawyers, we never deny them.
Bring on your demand, our supply never fails.

By the way, to young ladies desiring a husband,
We think we could find for you several score
Mid the short ones, the tall ones, the great ones,
the small ones,—

The Gentlemanly Seniors of Ninety and Four.

One is Long, none are longer, some as slim, some
slimmer,

But few are more witty and many less wise.
All handsome young fellows, neat, trim,—one is
Trimmer

He blacks his mustache till it's dark as his
eyes.

Some curious things, as now I remember,
I think that I never have witnessed before,
A Mayberry blooming so late in September,
As here mid the Seniors of Ninety and Four.

A long list of needs that I think I must mention,
So common to all of the genus of man.
Young ladies, I specially call your attention
If you cannot help them, I pray you who can?

So many so often need sewing on buttons.
And several, sitting, have worn out their
clothes.
Some ties will be crooked, and coats must be
dusted
And many need washing and mending of hose.

Alive to their needs, some are making advances
One strolls by the Woodside in evening's gloom,
Some others are fond of the C girls' sweet
glances.
Beware boys, beware of the bachelor's doom!

A tall stately Senior of Ninety and Four,
With baritone voice that is heaven to hear,
Well won a fair D, who is classed so no more.
And they are more happy than any one near.

His name ends with R, beginning with T.
His classmates all think him a jolly good fellow.
Her name ends with N, beginning with G,—
And rhymes—her first name—rhymes well
with Della.

We passed thru the lines, each took us by hand,
And made some remark on the wind, or the
weather—

Not knowing if we were A, X, Y, or Z,
For both were so happy, that they were together.

And others are hopeful, ah some the possessors
Of ardent desires that they even may go
With some of our charming young lady professors;

But even sub-normal girls answer them no.

Ah, our dream-haunted minds, so bedimmed in
their vision—

So hopelessly blind—see promise elysian.
Somewhere in the future, o'er life's dreary
ocean,
Thru sunshine, thru shadow, thru calm and
commotion,
We think we see gleaming, hope's glittering
star—
Some sweet face beaming afar, afar.

So ladies, at last when you choose you a husband,
Remember that never you close your heart's
door
To the short ones, the tall ones, the great ones,
the small ones—
The Gentlemen Seniors of Ninety and Four.

Song--Minnie May

↓ HAVE loved you long and truly,
I will love you to the close;
Tho the stars that shine above me fade away,
Tho the moon should sink from heaven,
Till my spirit seeks repose—
Ever love you Darlie Minnie, Minnie May.

CHORUS.

Minnie, Minnie, my own loved Minnie,
Darlie Minnie, my own sweet May !
Come back, my own loved Minnie,
Minnie, Minnie, my own alway.

Oh my heart was young and happy
When I sought you for my bride,
But those happy, happy hours are all away.
There is naught but grief and sorrow
In my spirit to abide.
Oh I love you, Darlie Minnie, Minnie May.

CHORUS:

May I Come Home?

THE days are dull and dreary.
The nights so long and lone,
And my aching heart aweary
Of this life-tide's dismal moan.
My soul is sick with waiting
And my brain with grief is dumb.
Oh why this hesitating?
Dear Love, may I come home?

The heart left to its ravage
Too oft finds weaker woes.
Half sacred and half savage
The stronger feature grows.
Leave wild beasts on the mountain
In solitude to roam,
I thirst for joy's deep fountain,
For you and love and home.

The silent lonely river,
Finds solace in the sea,
But my love lives on forever
Unto Eternity.
Aye wide indeed the ocean,
And deep as heaven's dome,
To calm my hearts devotion
Dear Love, may I come home?

I Have Left My Heart Behind

•  LOVELY day in the month of May,
 The orchards are white with bloom,
 And the breezes that blow the petal-flaked snow
 Are freighted with rich perfume.
 'Tis a beautiful day, and we speed away
 As lightly as the wind;
 But to me 'tis dull, my cup is full,
 For I've left my heart behind.

Speed on O train, plunge on amain,
 Thru all the day and night.
 Go any where, I little care
 Where you may take your flight.
 With no more home than beasts that roam,
 And with less of peace of mind,
 Why should I care what fate ensnare?
 I have left my heart behind.

Dream on for aye, O doleful day,
 Unto the night of gloom!
 Could one but sleep the hours away
 And rest within the tomb !
 Forge on amain, life's endless chain,
 No longer cans't thou bind
 Thy weight of dole unto my soul,
 I have left my heart behind.

Ring on ye chimes of hallowed times,
Or dirge in mournful measure,
Nor rhythmic runes of dream-lit Junes
Can thrill my soul with pleasure.
Nor to the drear eternity
Can peace becalm my mind,
Bereft and lone, a clod, a stone—
I have left my heart behind.

Bread and Butter

*J*USED to wish that I was older
So that I might go to see
A little maid I knew in childhood
Whom I loved most ardently.

I think I was about fourteen,
I asked my ma if I might go
And call upon the little miss,
She shook her head and answered no.

She thought I was too young, she said,
I'd better wait a year or two
So that when I a courting went
I'd know some better how to do.

I thought I then knew nearly all,
And soon would learn about the rest,
So off I started to my call,
In shining shoes and Sunday vest.

But when she met me at the door,
Oh how my heart did jump and flutter !
She handed me (which grieved me sore,)
A nice large piece of bread and butter.

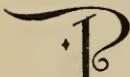
I took the bread and hung my head,
Not knowing what to say or do;
But, by her looks, and words she said,
Decided I had better go.

And off I went adown the street.
My head was lying on my breast,
My eyes were fastened on my feet,
My mind, you know, was not at rest.

'Twas injury to innocence.
The only swear words that I utter
Are when some dolt for want of sense
Will tell about that bread and butter.

The Parting From Pussy

"Moving Don't Forget the Cat."—Geo. T. Angel.

 Poor pussy-cat is left to mew around,
Deserted by all friends she ever found,
Loved ones forsaken and all pleasures flown,
She can do naught but mew about alone.
No more she meets her Tom in the ravine,
No more she frolics on the summer green,
And, cautious, steals on unsuspecting mice:
Poor puss is now herself the sacrifice.
No master's lap shall be a bed for her,
No tapering hand caress her glossy fur,
No sparkling eyes with tender, loving grace
Admiringly beam down in pussy's face.
No more she basks within the sunny glow
Of school-girl fond affection, now the snow
And bitter blasts of winter 'round her fall
While darkness echoes back her mewy call.

O COME TO ME

DEAR Love, while life's tide is flowing,
Skim merrily over the sea;
But in time of its ebbing and going,
Oh then, oh come to me!

In the sunlight of joy and gladness,
Trip lightly across the lea;
But in gloom-time of grief and sadness,
Bring your aching heart home to me.

While friendship and love are abounding;
I ask not, nor hope, for thee;
But, dear one, in the end, when in need of a friend,
Oh then, come home to me!

When the gilt and the glory have faded,
Come home, come home to me:
For my love endures, and my heart is yours,
Unto eternity.

Redeemed By Love

A Temperance Play for a Boy and Girl. Characters—Claude Langwar
a Young Man, and Amelia, his wife.

SCENE I. An illy furnished room partly illuminated by a dimly burning light. Amelia is kneeling by a cot, weeping and the young man lying on the cot. Both poorly clad.

Claude:

*M*Y hour is come, Dear love forgive !
I dread its close. Oh I would live
And love and cleave to thee till death;
But curse this demon, drink, my breath
Seems taken 'way, oh water ! I— (she brings
water)
One moment more before I die.

(Aside)

God bless the hand that gave that draught !
Would that none other I had quaffed.

(Holds up Bottle)

Oh cursed evil thou hast been
The cause of all my grief and sin !
In early youth you stole my power
And hold it to this very hour.
I knew not then its cruel blight,
I thirsted, drank it in the night.
I sipped the poison from the bowl
And sank damnation in my soul.
Thy will, not mine is holding sway,
Thou dost command, I must obey. (Drinks.)

(Amelia)

Dear Claude 'tis not too late, you can
Yet lift your head and be a man.
His strength is as the strength of ten
Who nerves his brawn with courage, then
Dry up those tears and smile once more,
Be blithe and gladsome as of yore.

I would so happy be and you--
O Claude begin your life anew!
Leave off strong drink, and break the spell
That binds your mind and soul in hell.
Think of the sorrow, grief and crime
Brought on by drink! Dear love, in time
You know not what 'twill drive you to--
What sin and sorrow may ensue.
Have courage Claude the greatest men
Have conquered most--oh why yield then
To self? Who rules mankind, we're told
Must govern first himself. Be bold,
Recall thy pride, assert thy power,
And break the chain this very hour!

(Claude)

Can courage live where hope is dead?
Can manhood thrive when strength has fled?
Can joy abide in sin's dark blot?
Can life exist where love is not?

(Amelia)

Aye love, love has not fled. The more
Eyes flood with tears and souls weep gore,
The more misfortune's chilling blast
Sweeps o'er the spirit, the more fast,
And firmly bind those sacred ties
That hold all human sympathies.

(Claude)

Oh do you love? What, can it be?
Still love a wayward boy like me?
Whose soul so withered in its youth—
Whose heart so early turned from truth
Are ruined by the cursed bowl?

(Amelia)

Our hearts our destinies control.
Yes, Love that's true can never die:
Not while the stars gleam in the sky,
While space exists—while time divides
Eternity, true love abides.

(Claude)

But has your heart not changed my dear
From what it was that glad new year
When we were wed?

(Amelia)

Hearts never fail when once they feel
The warm blood bound to love's appeal.

(Claude)

Thou hast been faithful thru these years—
In silence borne the trials and tears
While I, estranged and distant grown,
Judged thy sweet nature by my own?

(Amelia)

I love you truly. Woman's love
No more can change than God's above.

(Claude)

I have been false but now will prove,
Henceforth, my courage and my love.
I have been weak but strength new-wrought
Comes with my lesson dearly taught.
And now I break the final link
That bound me to the demon drink;
And solemnly, to God above,
And sacredly to her I love,
Do pledge myself that never more,
While oceans throb from shore to shore,
While stars shine in the silent skies,
While men defy their destinies,

While life remains, while death awaits,
While this old world yet gravitates—
Until the sun's last grand eclipse
Shall alcohol approach my lips.

(Amelia)

Now God be praised my husband's free!
Farewell to life of misery !
Now God be praised ! May God approve
Redeemed by love ! Redeemed by love !

SCENE II. Cosy cottage. Same couple well dressed. She reading. He finishes writing.

(Claude)

Well I have done these lines for Flower.
I penned them off in just an hour.
A column on the force of will—
An even hundred dollar bill.
The Argus pays well, let me see—
This issue—last—last two yes three.
And then my last in the Review
Brought in a jolly hundred too.
Four thousand dollars in this year

(Amelia)

You'll be a vanderbilt I fear,
No, that need never trouble you,
For you could spend his every sou.

(Claude)

Not all reward is in the ease
And comfort brought with cash, one sees
And joys to find in lives of men
The morals written by his pen.

There is a solace in the thought
That others act as you have taught,
And that their lives have brighter grown
Enacting precepts you have shown.

It is my aim—my great desire
Some way to lift life's standard higher—
Some how by act of tongue or pen
Be helpful to my fellow men.

(Amelia)

Dear Claude how bright the world has been
To us the last short year. No din
Of storm or cloud has crossed our sky.

(Claude)

My Little One, the reason why
Is very plain, for nature's laws

Are logical. Take 'way the cause
Of crime, and wrong will not prevail,
Of sin—no sorrow will entail.

The law of life is happiness.
A million joys delight and bless.

Think of the balmy breath of spring,
The flowers, the song-birds caroling,
And lambkins playing on the green.
The winter sports are gay, I ween,
The snow-clad hills, the wild sleigh ride,
The parties, balls and moonlight glide
Upon the ice with friends so dear.
Ah pleasure fills the whole glad year!

And in the cities myriad sports
At park or play or health resorts,
And on the mart of trade where pride
And avarice are gratified,
And bold ambition takes recess,
And pent up genius finds egress.
A thousand joys for great and small
With love the crowning joy of all.

But, violate the laws of life,
The soul is filled with storm and strife
Take poison from the cursed bowl,
You sink damnation in your soul.
Drink alcohol—become a slave—
For ever more with madness rave.
Throw off the yoke and break the chain—
Stand forth a conscient man again.
Make firm resolve—assert your will,
Virtue enthrone ! honor instill !
The tempest o'er—the anchor fast
Let love crown all while life shall last.

(Amelia)

Yes, God be praised our souls are free !
Farewell to grief and misery !
Now God be praised, may God approve.
Redeemed by love ! Redeemed by love !

Love and Joy

*L*OVE stood upon the brink of joy's deep fountain,
When life was young.

A crystal stream gushed forth from nature's mountain,
In buoyant song.

Love strolled beside a meadow rich with pleasure—

The morn was fair—
And sighed, and gazed upon the beauty treasure,
So rich and rare.

He plucked the floral objects of devotion
So divine,
And drained unto its depths a sweeter potion
Than nectared wine.

And then the sparkle in the fountain vanished,
Its essence gone;
The fragrance of the fading flowers diminished,
For joy had flown.

Love's Delirium

BRIGHT beams of the morning flood
hilltops and valleys,
Fair flowers waft perfume over field, mead
and grove,
And my heart is attuned with the beams and the
blossoms,
I have pressed the sweet lips of the one that
I love.

Soft breathe the sweet zephyrs, with perfume
o'er laden.
The calm, peaceful waves on life's ocean
scarce move.

I have launched my life bark with an angelic
maiden—
Have sipped one sweet draught from the
fountain of love.

O come, like a lily bud, lie on my bosom.
Cling to my heart like a hope that is vain,
Breathe in my life the sweet breath of thy being,
Blend soul with soul nor to sever again.

Dear little love, if I only could win you,
Sweet precious, no tongue could my happiness
tell.
I would soar to a haven of happiness with you
Or drop with you down into bottomless hell.

An Old Home

*T*WAS here those sacred words of love were spoken,

And vows were made that never have been broken.

Here evening callers sprinkled beauteous flowers,
Here youthful lovers spent long happy hours.

Here charming maidens laughed in love's delight
And beauty beamed in ever-glowing light.

O youthful day, O loving, blooming season,
So soon to pass away! My heart throbs treason
To the reign of time that holds us in the now
Oblivious to the past. I wonder how
The future may be spent that every scene
Gone by may be preserved in memory green.

Old things are dearest. Who has not been told
The new can never supersede the old?
Old love is fondest. Ah, who ever feels
More perfect bliss than young first love reveals!

Old scenes are brightest. None shall see the day
When memories of childhood pass away.

“What favored scenes, however far you roam,
Are half so dear to you as scenes of home?
Dear home, when all life’s beauties fade away,
When summer bloom shall turn to winter gray,
When all life was to be is o’er and past,
Let me return to thee to sleep at last.

Time and Eternity

 **B**OLD Time approached Eternity
And offered her his hand.
“Most joyfully I welcome thee,
I’ve searched o’er sea and land—
Thru many a year—thru ages drear—
But now at last we’ve met.”
“Ah noble T.” “Unhappily,
You find me fleeing yet.”

Enroute

THE road will be long, my good Jehu,
And rough too, but then to-day's thaw
Has softened it some for the horses
And we are not heavy to draw.

The ground will be freezing by morning

And maybe before we get home.

But there is a road on the mountains

Less traveled than this we have come.

We return by that way. How much darker

It is ! It will snow before long

We'll draw up the robes close about us

And I'll entertain with a song.

It will make our long drive so much shorter,

You join when we reach the refrain

We will scare the wild beasts from the roadside,

And one of them, time, will be slain.

Ho, ho, how the snow flakes are falling
 Ho, ho, the cold night gathers fast!
And the loud-voiced north wind, fiercely calling,
 Is blinding us now with its blast.

Let us laugh, let us sing on together.
 Altho the sleet rattles and drums
On the cover. As well take the weather
 The way we take life—as it comes.

Wh_Y Th_ε Y W_ε n_Y

Not to seek vain pomp and glory,
 Did our noble boys in blue
March to battle fields all gory,
 They enlisted, cause 'twas new—
Found it "different from the story"—
 Then went just 'cause they had to.

Ambition

I STAND beside the old home gate.
How fresh and cool the air!
The bells have tolled the hour of eight.
No vesper chimes e'er emulate
A summer eve more rare.

The playful branches to and fro
Romp with the roguish breeze,
As restlessly they come and go
And cast their shifting shades below,
Dark silhouetts 'neath the trees.

A monster train on distant road
Disturbs the quiet hour
With throb and beat. It seems to goad
Itself with the tremendous load
To show its giant power.

O Thou who made the summer night,
My heart burns with desire
To match the engine in its might,
To know the truth, to do the right,
And lift life's standard higher.

The Spirit of the Hour

I WOULD sing, knew I the melody
That prompts the poet's power,
On the joy of this occasion,
In the gladness of the hour,

Of the spirit that imbues us,
As we all assemble here,
In this union of the forces
That impel our social sphere.

In this union of our forces
Four societies appear,
Side by side, hearts linked together,
Chosen friendship close and dear.

In the union of societies,
Kansas Normal's power and pride,
What but joy could be our greeting?
What but happiness betide?

It is said by—would be rivals,
Those who envy us perhaps,
Possibly the charming creatures
On the hill, the “College Chaps,”

That dark feuds exist among us,
That we wage abnormal war.
Read the answer in these faces,
In the Spirit of the Hour.

Read the answer in these faces—
In the soul-lit eyes that glow
With the warmth of truest friendship
From the purest founts that flow.

Here we sit. The Old Lyceum
Close by Literati’s side—
Philomathia—Belles Lettres
All in friendship’s bonds allied.

No distrust or vain misgiving
On the part of any lies,
All contented, all are happy,
Strengthened by the common ties.

Literati and Lyceum,
Philomathian and Belle—
All join hands and sing in triumph
Feud and faction fare you well!

All are one! And thus united,
Recognize no party power.
All are free! No feud or faction
O, the spirit of the hour!

Here is handsome Literati,
Proud of all his virtue's might.
He it is who bids us welcome;
A bachelor, our host to-night.

Once he loved fair Philomathia,
And 'twas thought that they would wed;
But the old Lyceum wooed her
And she chose the last instead.

Chose the last, and in the contest
Close beside him firm she stood,
Lent a willing hand to help him
As affianced lover should.

All the while the Literati
And the charming little Belle
In each others ears at evening
Whispered words we should not tell.

On this night a double wedding;
Lyceum and little Belle,
Literati, Philomathia,
Feud and faction fare you well!

Gay Belles Lettres, in her beauty,
Proudly sits and reigns supreme.
Future, one bright ray of sunshine—
All the past a pleasant dream.

Proud and strong the old Lyceum
Boasts of deeds of valor done.
Well he may; the midnight message
Bears another he has won.

Well he may, the midnight message
Bears upon its winged flight
News of welcome hope and triumph;
Victory's in the air to-night!

We are on the field of action
And our ranks are full and strong.
We are marching on in triumph
And we sing triumphant song.

Let your strains be high and noble,
Let your thoughts be pure and free.
Lift the soul of man to heaven
With your tuneful melody.

Soon the contest will be over,
Soon the victory be ours.
Now I see the crown of roses—
Breathe the fragrance of the flowers.

Now I feel the soft, deep silence
As it falls upon the air—
Not a wave of breath is stirring,
Naught but hearts are beating there.

Sternly sit the thoughtful judges
Head drooped low upon the palm,
All around as death is silent.
'Tis a hushed but anxious calm.

Calm precedes the mighty tempest
Filled with dark destruction dire,
Precedes when in the fiercest battle
Burns a nation's soul on fire.

Softly thru the calm light stealing
Breathless moments flitter by;
Sounding hearts beat louder, stronger,
Every soul's in every eye !

Now, I see the judges rising,
Heart throbs cease. The vote is cast.
Sound the trumpet ! blow the bugle !
Normal victory at last !

We are marching on in triumph
And the shining goal we view,
Bright the scenes along our pathway
Rich the odors we pass thru.

And we ask you to stroll with us
Thru the arbor of the hours,
Plucking from the blooming present,
Fairest of life's flowers.

A Husband Wanted

I'M A large blue-eyed maiden,
With dark colored hair.
But for a few frecks, you might
Call my skin fair.
I weigh just one hundred and sixty
Five pounds;
Wear a number nine shoe and walk
Firm on the ground.
My form is proportioned for strength
More than beauty.
I've been taught from my youth strict
Adherence to duty;
My muscles are strengthened by
Kneading the bread,
By sweeping the floor,
And making the bed.
My arms are developed,
My shoulders are broad,—
I carry four bushels
Of coal at a load.

I'm accustomed to doing
 All manner of labor,
And have never been known
 To speak ill of my neighbor.
I know how to care for
 Small children a score,
And have never been known
 While sleeping, to snore.
I have labored or studied
 Most all of my life
And have had my full portion
 Of care and of strife.
I am calm and composed,
 Never found in a hurry.
Tho longing to change it
 My name rhymes with Curry.
So far in my life
 I've had little enjoyment:
Just toiled day by day
 At my household employment—
Dusting the carpets,
 Washing the rugs,
Cleansing upstairs,
 Scalding the bugs,
Doing the washing and
 Hanging it high,
Washing the dishes
 And wiping them dry;
Herding the children
 And keeping them fed,
Standing each unruly one on its head.

It is true, here at school,
I appear to be jolly;
But 'tis only a feign
To conceal melancholy.

I am weary of living
This kind of a life,
And desire very much
To become a man's wife.
So I write to your paper:
Perchance I may find,
Some widower—bachelor—
Suited to mind.

I was, one time, particular
Whom I should wed;
But those vain, girlish notions
With years have all fled.
I now am indifferent
Whom it shall be,—
Tho youthful, or aged,—
Tho blooming, or gray;
Tho lofty, or lowly,
Tho loved, or despised,
A husband I want
If such can be devised.

I care not for beauty—
I disregard worth;
I dare not to choose
Between falsehood and truth—
But O for a husband!
Of whatever sort,
A husband! a husband!
My highest purport.
I'm launched on life's sea
Without anchor or sail,
And shall sink 'neath the wave,
If in marriage I fail.
It is true, at my home
A few years I might stay;
But my youth and my beauty
Will vanish away.
And thruout my whole life,
Like a dove without mate,
In sorrow repine,
And bewail my sad fate.

O, weather-worn widowers,
 Bachelors old,
Miserly grumblers
 Crusty and cold,—
O men of all nations,
 Religions and creeds,
For love and affection
 My very soul bleeds!
So hear my appeal,
 And answer who can.
I have no selection,
 Just so its a man!
Tho his eyes may be sky-blue,
 Or dark brown or yellow,—
His complexion be rosy,
 Or let it be sallow,—
Tho his hair be black, brown, gray,
 Or auburn, or white,—
Just so it's a man
 With me it's all right!

Birthday of Two Young Ladies

UPON this hour, we pluck the flower,
We grasp the moments fleeting,
And let them bear away our care,
'Tis joy that we are greeting!

'Tis joy we seek,—and faces meek,
That glow with beams of pleasure,
And sparkling eyes, where spirit lies,
Extol our truest treasure.

In youth's delight, we meet to-night
In harmless dissipation;
Two birthdays rare, of maidens fair,
The cause of our elation.

Why not rejoice with gladsome voice
When beauteous maids are born?
What purer theme of thought or dream
Can music e'er adorn?

Some years ago, we do not know
How long—Within some cottage,
Two maids were born. O fate forlorn!
Woe to the beans and pottage!

As blossoms fair in balmy air
Of summer's softest noon,
These maidens bloomed in beauty rare—
With sweetest face and sunny hair
As soft as silvery rays of moon.

Their eyes are blue as azure hue—
Their faces fair as roses.
Such sunny smiles and winning wiles,
As king, or noblest count beguiles,
Each feature now discloses.

Miss Belle is fair, and tall, sedate
As any jeweled queen,
Her age, as Clinton does relate,
Is saucy, sweet sixteen.

Miss Maggie,—Edgar told us so,
 He is our youthful sage—
O, what a pretty little beau,
 For little girls his age—

Young Edgar tells us that she grew
 For years, and years between,
Her sixteenth and her eighteenth year,
 Yet still is sweet sixteen;

But Forrest, wise in prophecies,
 And versed in laws and ladies,
Who knows of aught that's dreamed or
 thought
'Twixt heaven and earth and hades,

With sober air, does now declare,
 Tho age may be augmented,
That beauty's there as pure and rare
 As ever was invented,—

That when she leaves his heart will go
 Out thru his bosom's portal,
And Russell, Connor, Griswolds know
 His feelings not immortal.

Tho Mr. Long may sing a song,
And laugh and talk so cheery—
May laugh and play thru all the day
With countenance so merry,—
The dismal day she goes away,
His life will all be dreary.

My bright-eyed boy, my hope, my joy,
Young Edgar will be weeping.
Sad, tear-dimmed eyes, deep soul-felt sighs,
And young heart wildly beating!
O eyes of blue! What shall I do?
I feel so broken-hearted!
I love her true—she loves me too!
Why need we ever parted?

But youth must sigh, and age must die
And love, and death, and birth,
And age, and youth—the false, the truth,
Must mingle into earth:
Ah, when eternal years unfold,
Know each his truest worth!

High-School Literary

WITH hearts filled with gladness,
Far free from all sadness,
Our faces all smiling and full of delight:
In mood that is merry,
With countenance cheery,
And eyes with pure merriment sparkling
bright:

Again we are meeting,
The welcome hour greeting,
How happy we are it is with us at last!
We now with satiety
Greet our society,
O that these bright moments might vanish
less fast!

Has it ever occurred,
Thru a thought or a word,
To our minds what real joys are upon us bestow?

And do we all know,
While so quickly they go,
That they're gone and forever to never return?
As the leaves on the trees,
In the summer's soft breeze,
Are nourished awhile, then turned to decay;
As the delicate flower that blooms for an hour,
Then withering, vanishing, passes away;
So man from his glory returns to his clay.

Ah, we in our bloom
Must dread not the gloom;
Tho joy of to-day may be grief of to-morrow—
And life of to-day shall be lost in the tomb;
It will but be increasing our trouble to borrow.

How joyful we meet,
In our home, or the street!
How pleasant the faces in passing them by!
Oh what earthly treasure,
Exceeds the true pleasure
Of meeting the glance of a sparkling eye!

And here at our duty,
In diffident beauty,
How modest and calmly together we've dwelt!
And how kind to each other!
As sister and brother—
O what a real treasure is joy truly felt!
Nor yet does our kindness
Dilate into blindness
Of cogent affection; but each self-possessed,
And in perfect control
Of mind, body and soul
Continues his work; for he knows it is best.
'Tis a custom in school—
Ah too often the rule—
Where the boys and the girls are all gathered
together:
That lessons are spurned,
And attentions are turned
Aside from the books, and no matter whether
The school keeps or no,
So the pretty girls go,
The boys will attend, tho cold is the weather.

'Tis occasionally seen,
And also I wean,
That not only boys from their duties have varied:
 But of girls it is said
 The thought enters their head
To abandon their studies sometimes and get
 married.

But permit me to say
That in this special way,
Our school is as perfect as perfect can be
 For with sapient look,
 Each intent on his book,
Has eyes fixed firm and quietly.

O sometimes a maiden
 With loving look laden,
And heart overflowing with mischief and fun;
 With eyes keen as lances,
 Emits some soft glances;
But they pass out the window and no harm is
 done.
I'm confident, very.
 That if my friend Harry
Was sitting in range he 'd be wounded by one.

Just in this connection,
If there's no objection,

I'll mention one case which I bear in my mind.

And if I am erring,
I pray you be sparing

Of censure and blame, for I mean it all kind.

Our Master McKeever
Has been the receiver

Of ogles and smiles from charming Miss Smith.

Now note the advances—
The sly little glances—

They say Cupid uses to make mashes with.

Tis not my intention
To make an invention

To injure the pride of this promising pair;

But as an exception the case do I mention.
Exceptions you know, must be mentioned with
care.

Dear classmates and schoolmates, on with
our society,—

Embrace each bright joy that is with us to-day,—
In sweet peace and purity, pleasure and piety,
Seek for the path to the loftier way.

I Miss Thee

MISS thee, blithe companion of my youth
As now the changing years move slow
away,

These times return, and now I know in truth
I loved you in that bright and happy day.

I miss thee now! The joys of vanished years,
That long ago have blended with the past,
To me return, and now I see thru tears
My folly of youth's day that flew so fast.

Ah, had I spoken ere thy passion waned!
Had I but shown the love I might have
shown,
And cheered thy heart so sorely: deeply pained,
Both lives life's sweetest joys might long
have known.

Love's warmth and glow were crimsoned on thy
cheek.
Thy rosy lips oft met and re-met mine.
Thou loved'st, but of love thou could'st not speak,
Thou could'st but wait and let thy heart re-
pine.

I knew not then I loved thee; altho joy,
The purest and the brightest filled my life.
My heart was light—I was a care free boy,
Until this sorrow filled my soul with strife.

I miss thee! When thy fond heart, failing, turned
Despairing, o'er the distant hills to rove,
My conscience smote me, and my bosom yearned
For love and thee. Ah, then I knew my love!

The Ways of Life

THE ways of life have many thorns within.
All being mortal, none are free from sin.
Some sins are small, 'tis true, and others great;
But all sin more or less or soon or late.
Some paths have sorrow in them. Wrong deeds
done,
By self or others, frequently on one,
Or innocent or guilty find their way,
And he the debt thru suffering must pay.
Injustice oft but half concealed lies,
The world unfeeling, blinding Mercy's eyes.

Normal Wings

Air: "Yankee Doodle."

THE Normal bird is on its flight,
And this is what it sings, sir:
"It fills my soul with pure delight
To have another wing, sir."

CHORUS.

Normal wings are splendid things,
They teach us how to fly, sir.
Soon our shining normal wings,
Will bear us to the sky, sir;
Soar us high into the sky,
So very, very far, sir.
Normal pinions we will ply
Above the little stars, sir.

“The sky is blue, 'tis month of spring,
The sun is bright and warm, sir,
I'll gaily swing my normal wing
And do nobody harm, sir.

CHORUS.

“I'll upward fly into the sky,
And sing with all my might, sir,
But, close beside the Normal, I
Shall choose my place to light, sir.”

CHORUS.

The legislature passed a law,
And we must now rejoice, sir.
Each Normalite should shout, hurrah!
As long as he has voice, sir.

CHORUS.

A thousand students here in school,
A thousand here to board, sir,
To have so many grow up fools,
The state could not afford, sir.

CHORUS.

And so it passed the bill at last,
A very pleasant thing, sir.
O wont we fly both far and fast
When we get our new wing, sir?

CHORUS.

Our regents all were good and true,
And fought for us most brave, sir.
Hurrah! It now is carried through,
And we have what we crave, sir!

CHORUS.

O, now our song is at an end,
We have no more to sing, sir.
Go tell it forth to foe and friend,
We have a Normal Wing, sir.

CHORUS.

ROSÉ

 KNOW where the deep blue violets bloom
Down the dewy glade and grassy dell,
And where pink roses waft perfume,
On the summer breeze I know full well.

And I know where a rarer blossom blooms,
A Rose, more fair than fairest flowers,
Her breath more sweet than floral fumes—
Her face more fair than floral bowers.

Our Friend, Adieu

 DRIFTING o'er life's troubled ocean,
Many gems fall in the deep.
Life is loss, oft sad emotion
Thrills our being, oft we weep.

Brightest beams have shape of shadow—
Purest gold its sign of dross.
Thistles grow in every meadow—
Love nor life is free from loss.

So we bear our heart's deep sorrow.
While we bid our friend adieu.
Hopes and prayers for her to-morrow,
All our inmost thoughts imbue."

Musings

I watched the yellow twilight fall.
December day was dying—
The evening winds were sighing,
Thru tops of oaks and sycamores tall.

Death of a Friend

•  LAS, he's gone! How soon hopes perish!
 Scarce twenty summers lit his face.
 Alas, how quickly those we cherish,
 Fall within Death's cruel embrace!

Tender-hearted, good and true,
 Hopeful, cheerful to the end.
 Kind he was to all he knew.
 To know him was to be his friend.

But six short days ago I met him,
 Young and handsome, strong and brave;
 Now, to-day, I helped to let him
 Down into the silent grave.

Yes, he's gone from earth and men.
 Within the dark, cold grave he lies.
 O may we meet our friend again,
 In happy realms beyond the skies!

High-School
Commencement Poem
Class of '90

SUCH lovely flowers surround my classmates' feet!
Of rarest, richest hues and odors sweet.
O welcome to our midst, each gentle flower,
Choice emblem of the gladness of the hour!

We graduate to-day, this eve at last,
With gladsome hearts we know we all have
passed,
And that the prize which we so long have sought
Is won at last—sweet recompense for thought.

We meet before you now with hearts most gay,
Upon our long-sought graduating day;
To tell you of the work that we have done,
The time we've spent, the victory we've won;
To acknowledge our receipt of favors shown—
Make known our gratitude for joys bestow'n.

O friends, when weary weeks and years of toil,
Unceasing worry, trouble and turmoil,—
Mid books and slates and note books soiled and
worn—

Mid dust and ink and bits of paper torn,—
With lessons all too hard and far too many,
We strive to learn them all and fail of any—
Then called to class with lessons half way thru
The hardest answers falling all on you,—
With all these schoolday troubles o'er and gone
How pure the joy at last when we have won!

Unfettered now, we're free to spend the day
In conversation, music, dance or play.
No binding duty now, no ironclad rule
Controls our every action as at school.

No tiresome algebraic sum to solve,
No geometric proof to demonstrate,
No philosophic dogma to evolve,
No clause in constitution to relate;
And, thanks to fate, if mortal thanks will please
her,
We're done with Aesop's fables and with Caesar.

With all our studies thru and laid aside,
There's naught but joy can to our lot betide.
With duty done, our conscience free and clear,
We have no earthly doubt, no slightest fear,
But that the misty future, yet to be,
Will prove to us a calm, unruffled sea.

A silken veil now pends before our eyes,
Of width unknown, and reaching to the skies,
Around its breadth, and o'er its lofty height,
The searching gaze is lost in dismal night.
Beyond this veil the hidden future lies,
Whose realm is blended with eternities.

And skies of calm and peace we hope will be
O'er spreading lands of wealth and industry —
And shining shores, where, written in the sand,
In mystic lore, by the Almighty's hand,--
All-knowing wisdom, potent power of mind,
The book of fate, the destiny of mankind.

Each hour forsakes some pleasure of to-day,
To swell the role of memories of the past.
Each moment bears some cherished joy away,
Nor knows nor cares how long our pleasures
last.

The future is a vast, unbroken plain,
Thru which we tread the weary way of life.
To some it bringeth pleasure, others pain.
It yieldeth flowers of ease and thorns of strife.

We stand to-night upon its unknown shore,
And vainly strive to find our journey thru;
But dark, and dreary, lies the way before,
With power and pride and passion to subdue.

By side of virtue's elevated highway,
There lies a many a path that leads to sin,
Full many a shady dell and tempting byway,
To lure the unsuspecting stranger in.

The youth strays oft amid these scenes inviting,
Enraptured all their beauties to behold,—
His happiness and hopes forever blighting,
Too quickly fade the glitter and the gold!

And, vanishing before him like a vision,
Each beauty fades, each charm full quickly
goes;
In his distress, dishonor, and derision,
Finds promised joys fulfilled with bitter
woes.

Sore pained by what he deemed to be sweet
pleasure;
Betrayed, distressed, bewildered and dis-
mayed,
He flings away his one God-given treasure,
Honor, the hold by which his trust was
stayed.

No message from this realm may we obtain,
No star to guide the wandering human train!
While all our hopes to reach its shining shore
Frustate and vanish, till they are no more.

While speaking of the future, it is true,
Another side of life is brought to view.
For in the fondest memories of the past,
Are countless joys, which vanish all so fast,
'Tis pain to think they never may return.
With keen regret our pensive bosoms burn;
While in the time to come, it may contain
The purest joy, and yet the keenest pain:
And truly, half our duties are not done—
"Thus endeth the first lesson we've begun."

Our trials of life as yet remain undone;
The day we've passed is brightest in our lot.
Then why rejoice because the past is gone?
That all its pleasant memories be forgot?

Ah, youth is but a bright, sunshiny, day!
It bears, and buds and blooms the fairest
flowers
That ever grew from earth and mortal clay.
Alas, so soon we see its closing hours!

Each day that passes sinks beneath the wave
Of time's dull tide some joy that ne'er may
rise
Till Time, himself shall moulder in his grave,
Or, living, bear it on dull memories!

So, may we meet our future destined fate,
As trusty soldiers brave the stormy fight;
Nor suffer strength and valor to abate,
Till victors in the cause of truth, and right!

Classmates, the time soon comes when we must
sever.
Earth's closest friendship's all must have
an end.
O, may the purest joys be yours forever!
Is the loving wish of your classmate and
friend.

And, dear Professor, thru life's bleak December
 And smiling June, your face I'll ever see!--
All thru my life I ever shall remember
 The loving kindness you have shown to me!—

And, Parents, dear, whose loving care has guided
 My childish footsteps to this happy hour, --
Whose every trust so faithfully confided,—
 I'll love and cherish long as I have power!

How Kind

How kind you were! How kind you were!
To me the favor you have shown
Is highest fortune could confer
Upon a being like my own.

You were so kind! my simple lines
Are powerless to express the thought,
Or feeling reason close confines
Within my breast with fullness fraught.

So kind, and yet a little cold.
You would not take my proffered arm.
I offered it—who could withhold—
To keep you from the ice's harm.

Tho quickly passed the eve away,
Its pleasant memories still so bright,
Within my mind shall always stay
And ever lend a beam of light.

And yet one cloud, I must confess,
Hangs o'er the scene and will not leave—
Brings saddest thoughts I can't suppress,—
I know about to-morrow eve.

Ah, when to-morrow's shades are thrown,
I'll don my skates in dreamy mood,
To glide the star-lit stream alone,
And joy in nature's solitude.

For after all our truest friends
Are those small shining orbs, the stars,
They alter not—each ever lends
Its rays to lighten earthly cares.

The stars are friends, both true and old.
Within their depths I joy to find
Warm comfort; for the world is cold,
And many burdens weight my mind.

So thru the wood, beneath the skies,
I'll roam o'er fields of frozen ice;
While with your parlor friends you prize
The pleasure I must sacrifice.

A Song, Eula Lee

 **B**LOW, ye winds, o'er the valley,
Blow, ye winds, o'er the lea.
Waft the sail of sweet Allie
Home to me, home to me;
Like the swift, fleeting waters,
Flowing down to the sea,
Haste, O pride of Anan's daughters,
My, own, sweet Eula Lee.

Soft breathed the zephyrs, green grew the spring,
Wild flowers blooming—birds caroling—
All thru the valley roved we so free.
I learned to love sweet Allie, my own sweet
Eula Lee.
I learned to love sweet Allie, my own Eula Lee.

Eula Lee, Eula Allie!
Eula Lee, Eula Lee!
Oh the pride of the valley,
My own "Cara wee!"
And as wide as the ocean,
And as deep as the sea,
Is the depth of my devotion,
My own, sweet Eula Lee.

Sere grew the wildwood, winter so cold,
Browned hill and valley—all a dark, dreary wold;
Wild storms were raging, mountains filled the sea,
I lost, I lost forever, my own Eula Lee.
I lost, I lost forever, my own sweet Eula Lee.

Eula Lee! Eula Allie!
Eula Lee! Eula Lee!
Oh the pride of the valley,
My own Eula Lee,
Oh as long as the river
Rolls down to the sea
I will love, ah love forever,
My own sweet Eula Lee.

Rest

ERE let me rest, within this peaceful grot,
Afar from noise of city and from men,
Where none molest; I seek this silent spot,
That Nature's smiles may warm my soul
again.

Afar from home, from loving mother, far
Out in the world, my heart is lone to-day,
I long for rest,—my inmost feelings are
Athirst for solace, love and home. I pray,
And, in this peaceful place I hope to find
What busy ways of men can never give,
Sweet rest and solace for my soul and mind,
And joy, that treasured in my heart may live!

My heart is cold, no fuel warms within.
My soul is weary, and my life is lone.
O Time, return the pleasures that have been!
Restore the years of happiness that have
flown.

Despondent soul, rich joys may still be thine,
If thou but choose e'er all of joy has flown.
Let light of love, and purest virtue shine:
Thine happiness lies within thy self alone.

Choose for thy self some little grot of peace;
Build there a home, in happiness there
dwell.

Forsake the world. Ah, then will sorrow cease!
Then love will heal thy wound and make it
well.

Humility

WOUND not more deeply this poor heart.
Crush not this life entire. Apart
From thine it cannot be.
Help thou this sorrowing soul to live,
Who lives with but the hope to give
His life, his all to thee.

A Home Beyond

WHAT joy to be sure of a home beyond!
A "home of the pure and the blest."
We long but for peace and rest.
The pleasures of which we were once so fond,
We would sacrifice now, and would sever each
bond
To bow at our Maker's behest.
We are sorrowing mortals at best.
And have need of another—a home beyond.
To-day an old lady had struggled and striven
But vainly, to climb to her farm wagon seat.
It was close to my office her wagon was driven..
I steadied her tottering feet.
Her strength was exhausted, her form dried
and shriveled.
She drove off alone thru the street.
Some one's fond, trusting wife,
Some one's dear, loving mother.
Toil, grief, in this life
Give her piece in another.

If You Were by My Side

If you were by my side, my dear,
I'd ask no other boon.
No grief, or sorrow know or fear,
For all would vanish soon,
If you were by my side.

If you were by my side, what care
Would enter in my thought,
Of what the world and people are—
Of good or evil wrought?
If you were by my side.

If you were by my side, the hours,
How swiftly would they flee!
While strolling thru the fields of flowers,
Or sitting 'neath the tree,
With you close by my side.

If you were by my side, my heart
Would beat in quickest measure,
And in my breast emotions start
To thrill me thru with pleasure.
If you were by my side.

If you, my dear, were by my side.
How bright would home life be,
How sweetly would the moments glide,
With only you and me—
And you close by my side!

How bright would be the whole of life,
Tho joy or sorrow come,
With you, my loving little wife,
Within our hallowed home,
Forever by my side!

Musings

OME tall, white sycamores in the distance rise,
With background bold of darkbrown tufts of leaves.
The meadows blend with forest, trees meet skies.
Below the sombre river sleeps at ease.

Birthday Surprise Party

Emporia, Nov. 24, -'91.

*B*LITHE spirits who, upon my natal day,
With music, mirth and laughter
light and gay,
Swooped down as merry angels from the skies,
And startled me with gladsome, sweet surprise—
You jolly boys and girls who used your power
To banish toil and gladden one short hour,
Who found for one brief season, tho 'twas brief,
From all the cares of living whole relief,
And brightened with your smiles and beamings
bright
Of sparkling eyes, the sombre winter night—
Light was my heart the evening you did come.
Most welcome, ever welcome to my home!

So studiously engaged, I had no thought
That there were schemes of mischief to be
wrought

So earnest and so innocent that I
When called, excused myself, and made reply
Would go and soon return and then complete
The outline we were trying to repeat.

But lo! as I approached the room, appeared
A throng within that thickened as I neared.
The windows all were filled with tufts of heads,
The doors wide open crowded—both the beds,
Well burdened—each I think bore more than 8,
Were groaning and complaining neath the weight.
And sounds—O what a clatter reached my ears!
What feelings rose within and roused my fears!

Had some menagerie been broken loose,
And gathered in my room? Had flocks of goose,
Or other silly fowl from distant flight,
There lodged to spend in gabble all the night?
Had coyotes from the prairies gathered in,
To feast and revel there with noisy din?
Tho bird, or beast or reptile, they had come,
And raised, it seemed, a pandemonium!

Not so, it proved: what discord we had deemed
The purest flow of harmony now seemed.

Not so, not so! The sounds when better known,
Were musical and soft. Sweet rhythmic tone
Flowed thru the medly as does sweet perfume
The summer breezes when the blossoms bloom.
Bright faces beamed amid the joyous throng—
Blithe feeling flowed in rich, melodious song,
And all around, and on the evening air
Were many mingling voices. Perfumes rare
Pervaded all the atmosphere—in short—
Young people there had gathered for their sport.

A rousing cheer on entering—a song—
A speech, a speech, a speech, but not too long—
A round and round of plays and deep charades—
The mirthful songs of merry men and maids.
A genial spirit moves the happy lot.
The evening soon is past but not forgot.

No, not forgot! Oblivion's deep gloom
Ne'er shrouds bright scenes of pleasure. Flow-
ers bloom
And fade, and sweetest perfumes pure and rare,
Embalm with all their richness all the air.
Tho every scene of pleasure, each glad hour,
Doth fade away as doth the summer flower,
The perfumes, the sweet spirit which they give,
Embalm our lives and cheer us while we live.

O memory! The purest thoughts we know—
The feelings from profoundest depths that flow,
Emotions that from holiest sources rise,
And tears, most sacred that bedim the eyes,
Are borne on thy dull pages! When we read,
Earth's deepest joy or sorrow is our meed!

The Acknowledgment

On Breaking Thru the Ice on East Lake, Emporia.

J'VE naught to say, I gladly would
Efface the memory if I could.
I've naught to say, the fatal eve
Has left me saddest cause to grieve.
'Twere better could we but forget
What causes deep and sore regret,
Much better could we doff the thought
That in the soul such ruin wrought.

When brightest joys have from us flown,
When sorrow, 'cross our path is thrown,
When highest hopes that we have held
Have from our bosom been expelled,
When all is lost and we bemoan
Our lot and tread our way alone,
When fondest wish, most strong desire,
Are vanquished, trodden in the mire;

O then, how can we longer hold
Our courage, how be longer bold?
As well submit to destiny,
Acknowledge our humility—
Yield then unto the powers that be!

Youth leads a many a wayward one
To doing deeds best left undone,
And pleasure lures us past our reason
When we go skating out of season.

'Tis royal fun the ice to try,
But not so near the month July.
'Tis rarest sport to gayly skate,
Long afternoon, or evening late,
Or early morn, or hour of noon—
No time too late, no time too soon
To try the ice, unless perchance,
You find before you far advance,
The solar-heated summer ray—
The calor of the cloudless day—
Have warmed and weakened with their heat
Until it yields beneath your feet,
And breaks and plashes, down you go
To cold uncanny depths below.

O cold uncanny depths of sea!
For thus, indeed, it seemed to me,
That when we sank beneath the wave,
No soul to pity, none to save,
The peaceful, quiet, shallow lake
For ocean depths we did mistake,
And for the moment thought that we
Had sank into an arctic sea.

O dreadful scene! Ill-fated night!
O beauteous maid in wretched plight!
With dainty feet deep in the mire—
Entangled tresses—torn attire—
Her grace and dignity all lost
Mid mud and slush-ice helpless tossed,
In cold indignity to stand
And hold a helpless creature's hand,
Who, tho he strove with might and main
Was powerless to withdraw again,
To raise again the heavy load
Of muddy feet from out the mud!

'Tis said, but then it is not true,
By Mr. Huffman, that we threw
The ice from out the banks all round—
That earthquake tremble jarred the ground.
He further adds the bit of news—
We bore the water 'way in shoes,
And that the bottom now is dry.
And little fishes gasp and die.
'Tis true the fishes came to see
What shook the lake so frightfully,
And lobsters loitered very near,
As over anxious they should hear.

No life was lost, but I declare
I was not happy to be there!
I was not glad while falling in,
Nor afterwards. I was not warm,
My clothes somehow seemed very thin,
And heavier far than lead or tin—
But I presume there was no harm.
My collar spoiled, my dainty tie
Was mussed and soiled most shamefully.

On reaching home it took more time
To cleanse my clothes than write this rhyme.
My knee was bruised most painfully,
But had no camphor to apply.

The night was warm, the sky was clear,
Save here and there, some far some near,
White clouds would poise and sometimes hide
The clear blue sky, and oft denied
The moonbeams unobstructed sway
To come unto the earth to play—
And sometimes they would hide a star
That cast its tiny light so far;
But, changing, left each plummet light
To sound the silent depths of night.

The evening zephyrs gently moved
Among rich beauties dearly loved.
Caressing those they loved the best—
The placid lake, the hill's brown crest,
The lovely vale, the stately wood,
Its vast and mighty solitude.

They blew along the sparkling rill,
Moved o'er Quivera's vale and hill,
And blessed the soil that is to bring
The violets of early spring.
And still the moonbeams downward shone,
Pale lustre, as that orb alone,
With trembling, shimmering, rays of light
Casts o'er the world in silent night.

I thought of home, I thought of love.
I wished there would a white-winged dove
Bring bill of straw from Ararat,
Or from some other place like that,
So high and dry that we might know
There was aught else than ice and snow.

Two travelers soon came along,
And here must close my little song.
I now your sympathy implore,
With solemn promise that I will
Go out a skating never more
Unless the snow is on the hill;
Unless each sign of summer's growth
Is smitten by the winds of North,
Unless each bird from heaven's dome,
Has flown unto his southern home;

Unless each brook and all the ground
For fathoms deep with ice are bound;
And all the lake is frozen so,
No water lies in depths below;
And o're the mud, so loose and soft,
Because we mixed it up so oft,
Is frozen firm encugh instead
To bear a mighty army's tread!
No, not until the briny sea
Shall form a skating pond for me,
And everywhere, from shoal and firth,
Unto the central depths of earth,
Shall be transfix'd in solid state:
No, not till then will I go skate!
But then if moonlight's silver sheen
Falls o'er the world, and stars between
Peep out from cloudy mists of spray
And make the winter eve so gay!
Then, can I find a merry mate,
Of less than half a ton in weight—
If all the earth is sure and firm,
And sea is solid, safe from harm,
To gayly sport, to dissipate,
Again will I go out to skate.

Alumni Poem,

Valley Falls High School, 1893

• **W**HEN day is fair, and balmy air
Breathes o'er the blooming meadow,
Improve the hour, secure the flower,
Ere evening shapes its shadow.

When life is May, and all is gay,
And there is joy in being,
Go grasp the moments while you may.
Old time is swiftly fleeing.

Go grasp the moments while you may,
No beauty but does perish.
The fairest flower fades in an hour.
Love dies when naught does cherish.

How fast time flies! Could men devise
A means to change her flight,
How long would flow the sun's warm glow!
How soon would cease the night!

Time's tide e'er flows without repose,
And, like a mighty river,
Its waves e'er move thru cave and cove
Adown its course forever.

Some months of school, some weeks of toil,
Some joy and sometimes sorrow,
The hours move on, the day is gone,
'Tis night, and soon to-morrow

Moves slowly past, yet far too fast,
Too soon the year is ended,
And with the dim and changeless past
Forevermore lies blended.

The year is gone, how very soon
'Tis o'er and all is finished!
To ne'er return, our hearts still yearn
For joy that with it vanished.

Old time moves on, the old year gone
Lies peacefully reposing;
But with its death we feel the breath
Of joys anew disclosing.

For winter drear doth disappear,
And softly, deftly stealing,
Across the mead comes gentle Spring,
Her beauty all revealing.

And rays of light succeed the night.
Each evening shape of shadow,
At dawn of day is driven way
Across the dewy meadow.

Rich perfumes rare embalm the air,
Bright beauties beam before us,
And birds and bees on flowers and trees
Sing nature's sweetest chorus.

As beams of day and songs of May,
And wavy, dewy grasses,
And flowers and fields, the old year yields
To us her senior classes.

And fair as flowers from blooming bowers,
And pure as rays from heaven,
The kind old year, with goodly cheer,
Her class to-night has given.

We welcome you of Ninety-two,
And greet you with true pleasure.
In greeting you we gain a new
And priceless twelve-fold treasure.

I wonder while the season's smile,
And day of sunshine passes,
What e'er will be the destiny
Of our Alumni classes.

All who have passed,—misfortune vast—
Regret and grief commingle—
Save only four, forevermore
And hopelessly are single!

Ah, foolish boys! It so annoys,
One's soul with grief it ladens—
To live and grieve thru life and leave
The girls to be old maidens!

But, could we scan the Maker's plan—
The schedule of the ages—
And plainly read our dole or meed
Upon the future pages,

O could we see our destiny,
And know what lies in waiting,
Then could we grasp a certainty,
And act unhesitating.

Hearts young and true of Ninety-Two,
In youthful exultation,
We all despairing turn to you
To alter our relation.

Eer worthless winds absorb the dew,
Ere sunny seasons slumber,
Eer bachelors and maids are you,
Redeem our mournful number!

But all in vain, prophetic ken
And spirit lie abated,
As all save two of Ninety-Two
Are doomed to be unmated.

I plainly see the destiny
Of Arthur, thou a stranger
With golden head to him is wed.
He is a sturdy granger.

I see him now behind the plow,
A mule and pony, slow and weak.
His Phoebe, with a bonnet on,
Is planting pumpkins by the creek.

In over-alls and cover-alls,
With heavy winter stogas on,
He little cares, nor never swears,
Altho his field's a boggy one:

For joy's sweet trace is in his face
And peace is in his mind,
And little Ned with golden head,
Is toddling long behind.

Miss Minnie M. has changed her plan
For she has wedded happily
A bearded-faced Alliance-man
Who talks about monopoly.

But all the rest are still unblest.
I don't know what they're doing.
I only see, unhappily,
They're neither wed nor wooing.

In village cot, or rural grot,
There's joy for each of you
As man and wife in wedded life
In its relations true.

In time to come, within the home
Where you may choose to dwell,
Must soothe the kiss of mortal bliss,
Or seethe a mortal hell.

Make good thy choice, thy glad rejoice
Shall echo thru the years;
But if thou fail thy sad bewail
Will sound thru dismal fears.
And every trace of beauty's grace
Be washed away in tears!

To sail life's main for bliss or bane,
Mount not the billows blindly;
For hidden rocks deal fatal shocks
Most cruel and unkindly.

Life first may seem an airy dream,
We're trusting, and confiding;
But soon or late we desecrate
The wrong that is presiding.

Foul lying fiends for evil ends—
Dark traitors deeply scheming—
May blight fair fames and tarnish names
That ne'er of wrong were dreaming.

The world moves on, forever on,
Unfeeling and uncaring.
Beneath the wrong, hearts true and strong,
Are trampled down despairing.

Tho there is joy without alloy,
Where hearts have truly striven,
Most bright it beams when one redeems
A soul with grief that's riven.

When hearts are light and thoughts are true,
And soul's are in a measure,
What is there mortals cannot do
With passion, pain, or pleasure!

A realm of peace, an hour of grace,
Oft pass before my vision;
Where, free from strife, eternal life
Brings promised joys elysian—

Where mortals meet new friends to greet,
And smile in old renewals,
And pass away life's happy May,
And wear its brightest jewels.

And now it stands in sunny lands,
In all its bloom and glory.
Destined to glow in beauty grand
Thru age serene and hoary.

“And rhythmic runes of dreamy Junes
Like tinkling fountains flow,
And golden bells in fairy dells
Are chiming sweet and low.”

But have no fear, forever near
Lies one sweet consolation—
To know that your own heart is pure,
Tho all the world suspicion.

When troubles boil with loud turmoil
Within your beating breast,
Resort to rhyme, and tears and time
Will count your wrongs redressed.

Let kindly act each hour employ,
Each moment muse o'er sacred thought.

Let no foul deed or word annoy
Your feelings with pure kindness fraught.

And if you choose to soar your muse
In upper realms of rhyme,
Note well the height you take your flight,
Then let pegasus climb.

Then choose your theme and muse and dream
O'er beauties bright and vernal.
No longer pore o'er written lore,
Seek nature's truth, eternal.

In cantos or in folios,
You let your genius burn;
When years unroll your finished scroll,
You find your rich return.

Elysian thought, Utopian theme,
Chimeric, crystal flower!
Fair fancy's flight, a poet's dream:
God speed the golden hour!

But "rhythmic runes of dreamy Junes,
And wealth of blooming lea,
Are not of rhyme, are not of time,
But cycles yet to be."

Philomathian

December 16, 1891.

•W^HE^N hearts are light, when thoughts are true,

When souls are in a measure,
What is there mortals cannot do
With passion, pain or pleasure?

Awhile ago—three months or so—
Or more, 'twas in September,
A little band where now we stand,
Enrolled its first new member.

No prospects bright were in their sight,
No shining goal allured them.
Yet will to work, and power to do,
Success had soon assured them!

The little band disdained to stand:
But marching onward ever,
Due height attained—due honor gained,
To crown their high endeavor.

It grew as grows the healthy child
By sweetest richness nourished.

It grew as grows the thrifty vine
In tenderness that's cherished.

As strong it grew as forests do—
As fair as flowers in meadow—
Nor o'er its day of happy May,
Was cast one shape of shadow.

And now it stands in sunny lands,
In all its bloom and glory.
Destined to glow in beauty grand
Thru age serene and hoary.

And what has wrought this realm of thought
To consecrate this union?
What genius binds as one the minds
That hold this sweet communion?

The cheerful aid of men and maids
Who make of duty pleasure,
The priceless dower of youth and power
Have gathered here this treasure.

And now we meet new friends to greet,
 And joy in old renewals,
To pass away youth's happy day,
 And wear its brightest jewels.

Here orators of power unknown,
 Of lofty mien and station,—
In bugle blast and trumpet tone,
 Do sway a state or nation.

And eloquence in rhythmic flow,
 With smooth and even metre:
While gesture neat and poise complete,
 But render all completer.

Here beauty beams where spirit gleams
 In eyes with lustre glowing:
And heart's of fire throb love's desire,
 And souls are overflowing.

But oh how soon this sweet commune,
 These scenes of pleasure vanish,
The bubbles burst—the very worst,
 Our flights of favor finish.

The power and pride that here preside—
The beauty that is beaming—
The wealth and worth—the joys of earth—
But fabled themes of dreaming.

A merry Christmas to you all!
A happy holiday!
High hope, good cheer, soon comes the call,
To feast and dance and play.

High hope! good cheer! the happy hour
Soon joyfully will come,
In village cot or rural bower,
To greet our friends at home!

R \in ſug \in

O the world is wide around us!
Paths are filled with faltring feet.
Woeful sights each day confound us.
Lead us to a safe retreat.

A Fizzpē

J FEEL like rhyming some to-night.
I guess I'll go and get my pen,
And ink, and paper, and a light,
And give my muse the reins again.

I feel like rhyming very much,
But think of nothing good to say.
So rather than to write on such,
I'd better put the pen away.

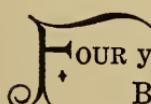
Yes, so I shall. Down goes the pen—
And back the paper, out the light.
I'll reign pegasus up again.
No rhyming out of me to-night.

But this is foolish, is it not?
To end a poem on the brink
Of writing it? Halt on the spot,
And never try at all to think?

Altho it is, I little care,
I've studied till I've pained my head.
I'll wash my feet and comb my hair,
Puff the light and off to bed.

Farewell Old Normal Halls

Tune; "Old Glory."

FOUR years or more of toil are o'er.
Bright years of schoolday life.
What pleasant scenes have gone before!
So free from care and strife!
So merrily the moments flee,
Thru long, bright years of June!
Forever be their memory
Life's rarest, richest, boon.

CHORUS.

Farewell, farewell, old Normal halls!
Dear friends a fond adieu.
Farewell, farewell, our duty calls,
Life's work we must pursue.

When classed as A the Normal way
Seemed thorny, rough and rude;
Yet B and C and D and G
Were hopefully pursued.
Now joyfully the end we see,
We laugh at former fears,
And almost sigh to say good-bye
To all those hallowed years.

The way was long, tho hearts so strong,
So loyal, good and true,
Found naught to turn the eager throng
That marched the journey thru.
A hundred fold, our army bold
Now hails the goal in view.
All hail the goal, farewell the old!
Farewell old Normal too!

So now farewell, old Normal bell!
No more we heed thy call,
No more we hear thy music swell
Thru corridor and hall.
Forever dear, our schoolday here
Each heart with love reveres.
O memory, sweet memory,
Of all those hallowed years!

Alumni Reception
High School, 1890

•
THERE are times in our lives when, with joy
overflowing,
Our hearts and our souls have been carried
away,
We cannot refrain from revealing, from showing,
Our happiness springing from life's merry
May.

Young men and women! With life all before us!
And all of its sacredest pleasures unknown.
The beauties of nature around us and o'er us—
The safeguard of learning about us been
thrown—

What more do we ask? What fanciful pleasure
Could add to our happiness here upon earth?
O where may we seek for a costlier treasure,
Than that we are seeking, our true mental
worth?

In nature's whole field, is there any employment,
By searching it over and over, we find,
Produces more pleasure, or purer enjoyment,
Than seeking for truth to enlighten the mind?

And, having acquired it, O may we enjoy it!
And realize all of the bliss it contains.
In the author's wide field, or where e'er we
employ it,
We're sure 'twill repay us for all of our pains!

We are not to rejoice over mammon or booty,
Which we may obtain from the prize we
have won;
But in sweet satisfaction of well-finished duty,
We find the reward for the work we have
done.

Diplomas! Alumni, what floods of emotion
Arise o'er our feelings? That word what a
train
Of deep thoughts from the maze of the past in
commotion,
Calls up like the beams call the mist from
the main!

How oft have we trudged thru the snow in cold
weather,

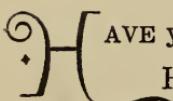
To answer the peals of the bell's frozen call!
How often we've struggled with lessons together,
But now our diplomas have paid us for all!

We thank you, Alumni, for kindly receiving
The seniors of '90.--Our schooling now done--
We gladly will join you a year from this evening,
To welcome the Seniors of Ninety and One!

Death of An Aged Woman

Life's tide ebbs out. The flood of years
Obscures the sinking soul.
Blest be the heart, devoid of fears,
Which nears the mystic goal.

Two Conflicts

 HAVE you heard the din of battle?
Heard the scream of shot and shell—
Sabre clash and musket rattle,
In their work of death and hell?

Have you heard the bugle calling
Bold advance and brave retreat,
With a thousand heroes falling,
Some in victory, some defeat?

War is hell! O haste the morning
Of the day when it will cease!
War is hell! All haste the dawning
Of the day of lasting peace!

Yet, within the soul's deep center,
Oft when peace reigns o'er the land,
Graver, fiercer conflicts enter
Than those waged by warlike band.

Homely Jake

A SAD and homely youth was standing by
Amid a scene of mirth and revelry.
His looks were glum; his rugged form was
chill;
For ice had bound the brook and o'er the hill,
Incased in sleet, the wind blew bitterly.

In muffs and furs and winter garments all
Swayed o'er the frozen field, 'twas as a ball
On some soft summer nightin full of moon
When every heart beat perfectly in tune:
But none would skate with Homely Jake at all.

A crash—a splash—an ending to their dream.
The banker's daughter fell into the stream.
All hurried to the shore and everywhere
Was floating ice—to rescue none would dare.
Her gallant beau did naught but jump and scream.

A strong, courageous swimmer braved the mass
And safely brought to shore the fainting lass.
A new cashier adorns the National,
And Mr. Bloss is known and loved by all.
They say a wedding soon will come to pass.

A Song of Acceptance

UNIQUE design of playful mind,
Fair token of a maid's respect,
By beauty's art and eye designed,
What thou dost hold who could reject!

CHORUS.

O yes we come! Our hearts rejoice,
The hour an inspiration owns,
Our muses sing—we blend our voice
In sweet celestial tone.
Then sing of beauty, sing of love,
Of beauteous maids and blooming flowers,
Of summer sky and cooing dove,
And joy of golden hours.
So neatly folded, who could dream
Could aught but beauty be thy aim,
But in thy bosom glows a beam
Of light not shed by beauty's flame.

CHORUS.

Rare moments sweet—an evening call,
A gladsome hour of youthful mirth,
Of laughter, talk and song and all
Endearments fond of friendship's worth.

CHORUS.

Now voices ring upon the air,
The merry notes sound full and free:
For youth is here and beauty rare
Blends with the soul of melody.

CHORUS.

Sowing

The swain who sows,
When cold wind blows,
May gather golden grain;
But who delays,
Till summer days,
His sowing reaps in vain.

Truth Will Triumph

• *W*HEN gossips' talk and traitor's scheming,
And jealous fiends on evil bent,
With basest vices unredeeming,
Brand the names of the innocent;

When hope's bright sun seems nearly setting,
The future dim and cloudy lies,
And you more tired of life are getting,
And tears of sorrow dim the eyes;

Cheer up, take courage, do not falter,
Truth will triumph by and by,
Time all evil things will alter,
Vice and wickedness must die.

Some men are not unlike the owl
That base, wild-eyed, nocturnal fowl,
That slays his victims in the night,
And brings his deeds not unto light.

Hawaii Shall Be Free

*T*IS custom common to mankind,
From imbecile to sage,
Within the acts of men to find
The index of the age.

In reading of Hawaii's war
This fact has been disclosed,
Despotic rule must lose its power
And monarchs be deposed.

And England's sun shall never shine
O'er hills of Domnis' reign,
Nor Briton in his pomp recline
Upon her sunny plain.

The queen is driven from the throne,
The deep-voiced, distant sea
Is sounding in tremendous tone
Hawaii shall be free.

Shylock's Judgment

ONCE, when evening shades were closing
O'er a world in peace reposing,
Spreading beauteous golden lustre
 All the hills and valleys o'er;
Weary of my daily duty,
I sat out to watch the beauty—
Out to watch the golden beauty
 On the mountain and the moor.

Long I watched the shifting shadows,
Tall, dark forms rose in the meadows
Stretching, as huge giants slumbering,
 On the slopes and on the rills;

First it darkened in the lowland
Where the early shadows stroll, and
Then upon the slopes and hillocks,
Last of all the light-topped hills.

Earth was soon one hugh dark cluster,
But the sky was filled with lustre,
And it gleamed in golden fringes,
Where it bordered on the night.
Here and there thick rows of hedges
With their nature-ruffled edges
Formed dark lines along the hilltops
'Gainst the evanescent light.

Evening insects now were coming—
Bugs' and beetles' drowsy drumming—
Buzzing, buzzing, humming, humming,
As I never knew before.
Low, sweet sounds of evening clinging
On the ether—birds a singing—
Insects—woodland music ringing
Bore my mind to dreamland o'er—
Bore me to the land of shadows
And I slept beside my door.
In the glow of yellow twilight,
Rested, slumbered by my door.
Long I sat there breathing, slumbering,

Moments, hours, past all numbering,
And my fancies flitted farther
 Than they ever flew before.
Dreams of happiness were given,
And I dreamed I was in Heaven,
That for which all men have striven
 For six thousand years or more.
Dreamed I that I was in Heaven,
 Sitting just inside the door,
Talking to the saintly keeper
 Who had passed me thru the door,
Passed me to the glorious kingdom,
 Barely passed me nothing more.

All the place was grand and golden—
Marble mansions quaint and olden—
And the people all were singing
 In a most delightful roar.
Here and there were Sabbath teachers,
Ladies, babies, parish preachers,
And some very curious creatures
 That I never saw before,
All with voices tuned and chiming.
Even metre, perfect rhyming—
Voices need no tuning—priming—
 All sing on for evermore.
Here a pause there came in chiming,

For a tap was at the door,
'Tis some earth-departed creature
Seeks admission at the door.

" 'Tis a preacher, precious creature!"
Cried a lady Sabbath-teacher,
"Know him by his sunny feature
Open wide the golden door."
"No."—The keeper paused to thank her—
"Wrong. It is a wall-street banker,
Earth's corroding, cursed canker.
Close and bolt the golden door.
He can enter nevermore."

Shylock drooped his head in thinking,
Fine champagne be had been drinking,
And his mind was clear or clearer
Than it e'er had been before;
But his schemes all failed entirely.
This was in the evening early,
Time for wine and supper nearly,
And it grieved him very sore,
Grieved him, for his wine and supper
He had never missed before—
Costly wine and sumptuous supper,
And for gold inside the door.
Grieved he for these, grieved he sorely,

But he missed them evermore,
For he entered nevermore.

Quoth the banker:—"Sir, your pardon;
I believe you are the warden,
And it is your oath-bound duty
 To unlock the golden door;
But just take this hundred million,
Well say make it half a billion:
Take it partner, keep ye still, yon
 Is an angel peeping o'er.
This way we were used to dealing
 When we dealt on earth before,
Got this money from some farmers,
Left the last one of them poor;
 Take it, keep still, ope the door."
Quoth the warden,—"Nevermore."

"Bless me! why does he refuse it?
Can't he here in Heaven use it?
Well, the farmers would abuse it,
 I'll just keep it in my store.
Keep it when I enter Heaven,
 Thru the shining, golden door—
When I walk the streets of Heaven,
 On the level golden floor."
Quoth the warden, "Nevermore!"

Here the keeper closed the doorway.

Sadly turned the banker sore 'way,

And he longed to live all over

 Life he'd lived on earth before.

Back and forth he trod the pathway,—

Strove to drive his grief and wrath 'way,

Hoping still to gain high Heaven,

 And to tread the golden floor.

 Ah, poor Shylock! "Nevermore."

Long around the door he lingered.

Rolls of wealth impatient fingered.

Mammon ne'er had failed to bring him

 What he asked on earth before.

At length his hopes were quickly heightened,

And his countenance was brightened,

Brushed his broadcloth, stroked his whiskers,

 Pulled his tie and tapped the door.

 Tapped and smiled as once before.

Smiled to win the saintly keeper,

 As he won on earth before—

Smiled to win the whole high Heaven,

 Only smiled and nothing more.

"Saintly keeper, long I've striven,

For a home at last in Heaven;

And I ought to be forgiven;

For my deeds on earth before.
Man, enraptured by the beauty
Of a life, forgets its duty—
Ne'er e'en knows his highest duty
To his fellow beings poor.
Now my heart is sore repenting,
And my anguish unrelenting.
May I not now be forgiven?
I will do so nevermore.”
Quoth the warden.—“Nevermore!”

“But my heart is sore misgiven,
And my soul with grief is riven,
Oh, I pray to be forgiven?
I beseech thee, I implore!”
All entreaty unavailing,
Still the keeper, never failing,
Sat beside the argent railing,
‘Twixt the banker and the door,
Singing softly,—“Nevermore.”

“Alas! too late you pray for pardon,
You can never walk the garden.
Had you asked to be forgiven,
When you lived on earth before;
Had you spent at honest labor
Time you schemed against your neighbor,

Schemed and robbed him of his labor—

Had you given to the poor;
We would not now here in waiting
Hold you pleading and debating,
But straightway, unhesitating,

Open wide the golden door.

Now you enter—Nevermore.”

“But, as you are tired of waiting,
And I'm weary of debating,
I no longer will detain you;

There's a region somewhat lower
Where we keep your class of sinners,
Earth's accursed mammon winners,
Kings of cliques and cabal spinners.

Samuel Wood, please guard the door,
Shylock enters—Nevermore.

Those who live by honest labor,
Never wrong or cheat a neighbor,
Those who follow conscious duty,

Are admitted at the door.

Shylocks enter—nevermore.”

Then the keeper of the gateway
Marched him onward, downward, straightway,
To that superheated region that he spoke
about before,

Where a horny, spear-tailed devil,
With a look of dreadful evil,
Beckoned with a burning shovel
 And unlocked his grating door—
Grating harshly on its hinges,
 Harshly, hoarsely, “Nevermore.”

Here was heard a troubled squeaking.
’Twas a little devil speaking,
As ’twere bitter sorrow eking
 From his bosom’s very core:
Long deep breaths he drew in sighing—
Eyes were dim—cheeks stained with crying,—
“Father, father, I am dying!

 This new-comer grieves me sore!
He will corner all the brimstone
 That there is inside the door,
Mortgage all our whole dominion,
 And monopolize the floor.”
 Quoth the Master—“Nevermore!”

Next there came his youngest daughter
Bringing pails of bubbling water—
Bubbling, burning, brimstone water—
 To pour o’er him by the door;
“Father, save our reputation!
Consummate his execration

Here outside! 'tis degradation,
Worse than ever known before,
To admit this chief of sinners—
Speculators, mammon winners—
Cheating poor men out of dinners!
Keep him here outside the door.
I will bring him fire and brimstone,
And upon him torment pour!
For the sake of home and Hades,
Keep him out for evermore.”
Quoth the Master, — “Nevermore.”

Lo! into the far, most inner
Cell he hurled the mammon winner.
Down 'mid all the bulls and bears
And bankers that had gone before.

High in Heaven harps were ringing,
Golden gateway gayly swinging,
Samuel on the archway singing,
“Evermore,” “EVERMORE.”

* * * * *

Then it happened I did waken,
And my nerves were weak and shaken,
For the evening air had chilled me
Till my limbs were stiff and sore.

All upon the dreary morrow
Sank my soul in deepest sorrow,
O'er the trouble I did borrow
 From my dream the night before;
O'er the trouble I did borrow
 From my dream the night before,
Sank my soul in deepest sorrow.
Ah, poor Shylock!—"NEVERMORE."

A Skeptic's Thought

It seems inconsistent with all human reason,
 That God in his infinite goodness and love—
His wisdom, his power and mercy unending,
 Would quietly sit in his mansion above,
While over the earth dire misfortune is pending,
 Dissension and discord are rife thru the land,
Injustice prevails, and the innocent suffer,
 And fairest and loveliest, fall at Death's
 hand.
Could he calmly sit, high on his throne in the sky
 While pain and distress to his children drew
 nigh?

The House of Stone

*T*is a Sabbath morn in a country town.
A bright November sun smiles down
On the leafless wood and the frost-brown hill.
There is ice on the brook close by the town,
And the air is crisp and the morn is chill.

See yonder house of rugged stone.
How tall, sepulchral, dreary, lone!
No trees stand near. The ground is bare,
Save worthless weeds on a lawn unmown.
A sorrow stricken soul dwells there.

For years her life was bright as May,
With her husband by her side each day,
To place her hope and trust upon;
But death has called her love away,
And now her happiness is gone.

Oh you who have your loved ones near,
Fail not to prize that boon so dear,
Make a haven of your home.
Do all you can to aid and cheer,
For death to you and yours will come.

Philomathian Jubilee

WE HAVE come from the east, we have
come from the west,

Glory glory Philomathian,
And of all of the societies we have the very best,
Glory glory Philomathian.

CHORUS.

Victory is ours, hurrah boys, hurrah,
We are going to the city, the city on the Kaw;
So we rally round our orator, rally once again,
Glory glory Philomathian.

“With brave and honest words she has won the
laureled crown,
Glory glory Philomathian,
Stood by the statute law, bloody anarchy put
down,
Glory glory Philomathian.”

It was in dramatic art that we won our first
renown,
Glory glory Philomathian,
In contest in debate, then we turned Belleslettres
down,
Glory glory Philomathian.

And we met the Lyceum on a pleasant night in
June,
Glory glory Philomathian.
To the Literati soon we will sing the same old
tune,
Glory glory Philomathian.

Speak One Kind Word

PEAK one kind word to me, dear love
One soft kind word when we are
'lone.

Pause one sweet moment, precious dove,
And warm a heart, as cold as stone.
Speak one kind word.

Speak one kind word. Those tender eyes
Give solace sweet when thou art near,
But in that hallowed voice there lies
A pathos rich, profound and dear.
Speak one kind word.

Speak one kind word, dear, precious love,
One soft, kind word in tender tone,
It brings a blessing from above,
And cheers a life which is so lone.
Speak one kind word.

Extermination of the Bison

WILD, free on the great western prairies
The buffalo tribes roamed at will.
O'er the green fertile grass fields of Texas—
Far west to the land of the mountains
And north to Dakota's winds chill,
They basked in the broad sunlit valley,
Or plunged in mad herds o'er the hill.

When, in time far remote, Coronado
Stalked over these lands all in vain
In his search for Cibola's fair cities,
When white men first came to Quivera,
The slow-moving emigrant train
Passed hundreds of herds of these bison
That lived, roved and died on the plain.

The millions that lived on these prairies
Would travel oftentimes in close files
So that emigrants could not cross thru them.
Nor aught of the pioneers' powder,
Nor craftiest Indian wiles,
Could turn from its course the great phalanx
That stretched o'er the prairies for miles.

They grazed off the bunch-grass and blue-stem.
With marvelous instinct, innate,
Scented water for miles o'er the prairie.
They bred on the sands of the desert
And thrrove in their natural state,
Till a change swept from ocean to ocean
And left the poor brutes to their fate.

Woeful change! When the great tide of progress
Swept over the hills to the sea,
Adventurers flooded the prairies
And drove the red men to the mountains,
The hunter, bold, fearless and free,
Came west with his knife and his rifle
And slaughtered most brutally.

Years have passed, times have changed. The
poor bison

By hundreds of thousands were slain
For the meat and the hides, horns and tallow.
One hunter slew nearly five thousand.

The last beast was swept from the plain,
And now where the herds roamed by thousands,
Are farms covered over with grain.

Some killed for the hides to make robes of,

Some slew for the meat, some to say
How many they slaughtered, but no one
Would credit the number a sportsman

Reported as killed in a day
Unless he showed tongues of his victims.
Waste, waste, cruel woeful destruction,
The proud herds have dwindled away.

Mortal Destiny

We are born with minds a blank. We are not
given
At birth the attributes and gifts of heaven.
Alas, some live and die and never know
Real duty or true happiness below.

The Soul's Thirst for Solace

O H, is there a home in heaven?
Dear friend, is religion true?
Has God, oh my friend, truly given
A solace to me and to you?

Does he, the kind Father, come near us,
And whisper his words in our ear?
Do you know that you feel his dear presence—
Truly know that your Savior is near?

I would give all I have of earth's treasure—
Would throw all forever away,
Could I know one brief hour the assurance
That gladdens your being to-day.

Could I know one brief hour the true pleasure
That beams in the light of your face,
I would barter the skeptic's whole future:
For nothing have I in its place.

Oh my heart is so hollow and lonely!
Deep trouble lies always so near.
And now it breaks, breaks in its sorrow,
With nothing to sooth it and cheer.

Oh you have bright joy for the future,
You hope to be happy again.
I, naught but oblivious darkness
To follow a world of pain.

The world is so cold and so cruel!
The tender heart breaks in the strife,
And wrong seems to master our purest
And loftiest motives in life.

So often in worthiest effort
To lessen life's measure of grief,
And grant to some sorrow-worn being
A moment of calm and relief,

Tho striving for that which is noblest--
Men point with the finger of scorn
At our efforts, and curse us and hate us
For bearing the trials we have borne.

Forgive them: for man cannot alter
The incontrovertible plan,
That wrong, selfish wrong, is so salient
A part of the nature of man.

Forgive them; but where is the solace,
The balm for the grief that is known?
Men hunger for food for the spirit:
The heart cannot live alone.

You've sought and have found it. Your spirit
Is wrapped in a halo of light.
I seek but in vain and am shrouded
In darkness and gloom of the night.

Oh why do our hearts break with sorrow,
Oh why do our souls sink in grief,
If a father who loves us is near us
With power to give us relief?

I pray and I plead for that solace
And feeling down deep in my soul,
Which alone can bring peace to my bosom,
But vainly thru all of life's whole.

Oh would that all men had the knowledge,
That men can be men without faith

In a creed! Oh that there was some solace
Which all could breathe in with their breath.

Of this I am sure. Human sorrow
Finds nothing to soothe it, no balm
In the bourn of material forces.
The world gives the spirit no calm.

We know earthly things have no value.
The world is not worth one brief hour
Of sweet peace, sweet assurance of heaven.
Earth's gifts are a beggarly dower.

I wish that this throbbing and beating
That bounds in my breast day by day
As tho it was breaking and eating
My heart and my being away—

I wish it would cease! Oh the trouble,
The unrest, the anguish! My heart
Seems to long for something which it has not,
Some friend with which never to part.

Is there love, is there peace, are there blessings
That we may receive from above?
Oh Father, I pray for thy blessing:
I plead for thy mercy and love.

Elopement

BUT a rude child was she growing
As she did, out in the wild,
In those vast, unbroken regions,
Could she be a modest child?
She was roaming in the woodlands,
She would sport upon the hills,
She was dancing in the sunlight—
She was bathing in the rills.
On the quiet, sleeping waters
She would launch her light canoe
And go like a seabird skimming
O'er the waters dark and blue.
On one evening when the moonlight
Fell on waters dark and still,
And each sound was hushed and quiet,
Save the cow bells on the hill,
Lightly boats skimmed o'er the water,
Not the one this time, but two,
Close together thru the moonlight
O'er the waters dark and blue.
Now they pass the farther inlet,
Now they reach the outer cove!
Fare you well to sad repining!
Welcome life and home and love!

A Simple Love Story

WITHIN a flowery valley,
There dwelt a little maid,
As fair as any blossom
That grew in sun or shade.

Her cheeks were round and rosy,
Her lips were crimson red,
And dark and silken were the curls
Which clustered round her head.

Her eyes were as if jewels,
Were shining in their place—
'Twas looking at the sunlight
To look into her face.

Her form was small and pretty,
Her dress was always neat.
Her words were quick and witty,
And manners most complete.

Such was the little lassie,
I now describe to you.
No wonder William loved her
You would have loved her too.

There was a modest youngster
Lived not far away,
With features smooth and hair of brown,
Blue-eyed and fair as day.

Around his rural cottage,
At childish games he played,
He knew not grief or sorrow,
But knew the little maid.

He knew not pangs were soon to pierce
His young and tender heart,
Nor once e'er dreamed that all the joy
Of life must soon depart.

They learned to love each other,
In childhood's happy hours,
And used to stroll together
Thru summer's lovely bowers.

And in the hush of evening
Sat talking side by side,
In lover's sweet communion.
What sorrow could betide?

Too soon the storm-clouds gathered
And chilled the balmy air,
Too soon misfortunes hovered
Around the youthful pair.

Her chum received a letter
Saying he was bad,
Maiden saw the missive
Made her heart feel sad.

Parents read the letter,
Thought it all too true.
Maiden in deep sorrow—
Don't know what to do.

Maiden wrote a letter
Young man came no more—
Sadly sat a sighing
In his mother's door.

Meeting in the starlight,
'Neath calm, summer skies—
Hearts beat close together,
Tears filled plaintive eyes.

Youth now tells his story
To his little dear,
Loving and confiding,
Maiden does not fear;

But in his arms reclining
Lovingly she lies,
While quiet stars are shining
From the watchful skies.

Loving words were spoken,
Low, in tender tone.
Promises been broken—
Evil deeds been done.

Foul lies have been written,
Faulty stories told.
Love so sorely smitten
Now is as of old.

Rushing to her parents
She swears he is her own,
Reclaims her banished lover
In most dramatic tone.

Alas, the dubious father
Disbelieves the youth,
Still believes the letter
Told the fatal truth.

But the anxious mamma
Entertains grave doubts
Father is relentless—
Maiden pines and pouts.

It ended in elopement.
He took his bride by force.
Now grandpa says he's sorry
He chose such foolish course.

Love of Woman

•
THERE are some souls in earth-life truly blest.
Who woos and wins the rapturous love
of woman
Has found a boon far richer than the rest,
Has known the sweetest happiness that's
human.

The Past

WHY, sweet maid, the past regret,
And all its memories forget?

Why should a life like thine,
Bring thoughts to thee of grief and sadness?
Or anything but joy and gladness?

O, if it were as mine—

In which all memories of the past,
On their return, forever fast

 Around my heart entwine,
And bring a heavy burden there,
A burden more than I can bear,

 And every thought confine
To them so that I oft am sad
When otherwise I woud be glad,
 And beams of happiness shine.

Upon my lot where sorrow's chain
Is wound around my desperate brain,

And each thought in its turn
Contributes free its cruel might
To vex my soul by day and night
And make my bosom burn

With keen regret that I had seen
The past, or that my life had been,
Since filled with sorrow so;

And almost wish there was a world
Of fire in which I might be hurled
To end my grief and woe,—

O then, fair maid, I might agree
With you that each past memory
Should vanish from your thought,—
That no remembrance of the past
Within your mind should longer last—
Each vestige be forgot;

But as, dear maid, this is not so,
And you've a stranger been to woe,
And naught but pleasure known,
Think often of the pleasant past,
Let each fond memory ever last,
And claim the happiness that's your own.

A Lament—Slander

WITH what malignant, cruel grasp
Did Madam Grundy's icy hand
Break way the tie which once did clasp
Our sacred friendship's faultless band!

I long have thought that you were true—
That, should I need a trusty friend,
My confidence reposed in you
Were kept and guarded to the end.

Alas too plain; Your word and mein
Reveal a change within your breast.
You shun me, 'tis indeed too plain—
And why? But hold! I know the rest.

Ah can it be my trusted friend
Would heed the slanderer's poison tongue,
And cause communion there to end
How e'er my heart in anguish wrung?

Is friendship such a fragile thing
It can be broken by a blow?
And faith so faithless as to fling
Its standard for a single foe?

Ah would you press the poison fangs
Of slander deeper in my breast?
E'en tho you care not for my pangs—
Nor put the slanderer to the test?

Oh have you disappointment known?
And have you felt the pangs of grief?
Have all things dearest from you flown—
And vainly have you sought relief?

In vain I seek, but cease this strain.
The time shall come when you will know
That you have caused me useless pain.
I hope and pray it may be so.

Oh source of life, of power, of worth—
Give thou me strength that I may be,
While crossing this short span of earth,
More kind to man than man to me!

A Rustic Tragedy

THE sun was set, the clouded sky,
Unlit by Luna's light,
Scarce opened for the sparkling eye
Of Stella, clear and bright:
And darkness bordering on the glade
His dim dimensions there had laid.

Old Saturn in his many rings,
With soft, effulgent ray,
Shone gently down on earthly things
To view the closing day.
Bright Venus' smile with loving grace
Imbued with hope a youthful face.

The leaves were green upon the trees,
And fluttered in the air.
The branches in the evening breeze
Tossed gayly here and there.
The moving silhouettes they made
Increased the darkness in the glade.

The flowerets waft their sweet perfume
O'er grassy vale and hill,
While gently poising every bloom
Upon the peaceful gale:
And all around the damasked green
Reflected beauteous floral sheen.

The songsters ceased their tuneful lay,
And Nature's voice was still,
Save insects in the wood away.
The frogs within the rill,
And she whom wishes may fulfill,
The shrill-voiced, lonely whippoorwill.

A youth returning from his toil,
With weary step, and slow,
His face begrimed with sweat and soil,
With looks down-cast and low,
Was musing over times gone by,
And gazing with a dreamy eye.

Remembrance filled his thoughtful mind
Of scenes which long had flown,
Of deeds ill-done, of words unkind,
Of sorrow that had grown
Until it seemed to rend his soul
As earth-quake shock or thunder roll.

To ease the pain remembrance brought,
To free him from the load
Of grief by disappointment wrought,
He mounted and he rode
O'er flow'ry hill and blooming dale
Across into a western pale.

His steed, a dark and glossy gray,
Was wild as a gazelle.
Full well he knew the beaten way—
Ah knew it but too well!
So oft, so oft the path he trod,
He knew to shun each stone and clod.

How brisk and gay, what fearless bound,
How buoyant was his tread!
He spurned with flying feet the ground—
As meteor flash he sped,
Until he reached an oaken grove,
The habitation of his love.

The youth had gone to see his fair.
Arriving at the door he
Found out another chap was there,
Which spoils a splendid story.
His rival took her to the altar,
And our poor youth took to the halter.

Loss of a Dear Friend

*D*ARK-EYED Mary, friend of my youthful years,
Companion of some fondly cherished hours,
My heart o'erflows with grief, as thru my tears,
I see how droop and fade life's fairest flowers.

The tender buds in life's bright morn that grew,
And, smiling, opened in the noon of life,
All lose the freshness of the morning dew,
And wither in this old world's heated strife.

The bloom of youth has withered on life's stem,
Joy's scented breath no more perfumes the air,
Disheartened Nature breathes a requiem
O'er all the graves of all the good and fair.

The bond is broken now; The silvery thread
Of friendship by your hand is torn apart.
A chain of sorrow fills its place instead,
Which burdens all the years a lonely heart.

Oh, could the silver chord have been applied
To bind a heart love wounded long ago,
Could e'en the frailest fibre have been tied,
I had not known such depths of bitter woe.

I cherish friends, for friendship is so near
The consummation of one's being, love,
Which having flown, to lives thus lone and drear,
No solace than a friend can dearer prove!

Ah love is flown! Forever lost that boon!
And with it all the joy life might have known!
Oh, would that death could come and free me soon
My life is hopeless, desperate and lone!

But, loosened by your hand the dearest tie,
That binds one to this life since love has fled;
Ah, better, far 'twould be could one but die,
And moulder in the darkness with the dead.

Yes, better in the cold, still grave to lie,
Together with the worm, and with the clod,
Than famish in a world for sympathy,
Forsaken by humanity and God.

Oh, happy girl! In those bright dreams of joy,
Those fruitful years so soon to be thy portion,
Think not of me, a poor, unhappy boy,
Whose hopes, life's hopes so early proved
abortion!

Long, long the years since we in pleasure met!
Well I recall the bright and happy day,
'Tis filled with such glad memories even yet
It lends my life a solitary ray.

And, sometimes still I think of what has been—
Of pleasant walks and drives and schoolday
scenes,
And pray that joy may crown my life again;
But boundless depth of sorrow intervenes.

Once youth and love, mid childhood's scenes of
pleasure,
Filled my young heart with life and light
and hope.
Now sorrow's dregs I drink in fullest measure,
While thru life's gloomy ways in grief I
grope.

Oh, can there be no promise for the morrow?
Must human effort ever be in vain?
Must gloomy souls dwell in their grief and sor-
row
Forever? Know of naught but grief and
pain?

Almighty God, If Thou dost rule in heaven,
If Thou dost guide us with Thy loving care,
Take way this troubled life so vainly given
Or drive away this dark, and deep despair!

Betz and Betsy

• *A*mong the many mashes made
In all the country round,
The saddest of them all, I'm sure
Within our midst is found.

Twas in the spring when all the youngsters,
In for joy and recreation,
Got the "Hack" to take the trip
To see the Indian reservation—

The day that "Wests" and "Westwards" all
Bunched up together and had such fun,
And only got as far as Cedar—
That's the day it was begun.

Twas Betz and Betsy. Close together
Up and down the roads they walked,
And of the present times and weather,
Future hopes and all they talked.

As one they strolled beneath the trees,
Ascended in the giddy swing,
Or sat within the hack at ease
And listened to the song birds sing.

They gathered flowers of lovely hue,
And decked themselves in colors gay,
And, joyous 'neath the cloudless blue,
Thus spent the happy hours of May.

Before the sun dropped o'er the ridge,
And it was time to homeward go,
They all met on the Cedar bridge
And tripped the "light fantastic toe."

Upon that evening when the dreaded
Time had come when they must part,
The while they waited, hesitated,
Cupid shot his cruel dart.

On bright summer Sunday evenings,
As the sun was sinking low,
On "Old Kate" he'd throw his saddle,
And to Betsy's home would go.

When the old clock in the kitchen
Told the hour by striking ten,
Would mount old Kate reluctantly
And slowly ride back home again.

As their friendship somewhat stronger,
More enduring, warmer, grew;
Sometimes he would linger longer,—
Only just an hour or two.

Affairs grew worse he staid until
The tired old clock was all unwound
Till day break glimmered on the hill
This stayer, Betz would hang around.

One night there came an awful noise—
A kick—Betz landed out the door.
Her father threw a boot of Roy's—
Fido barked, and all was o'er.

And now those pleasant times are o'er.
Her smile no more lights up his face.
He sees his Betsy love no more,
And Brit is calling in his place.

Come Back

O H no, I did not want to leave you!
My aching heart pleaded to stay.
Those charms bind me close to your being,
So close, oh I can't break away!

My soul cries out for you and to you,
Oh Darling, my life is so lone!
Come back, oh my Precious, forgive me.
Without you life's pleasures have flown.

The autumn winds mourn thru the branches.
The summer green withers away.
The autumn winds roar thru the treetops.
My lone heart is breaking to-day.

The sun has sunk lowneath the meadow.
Dark stormclouds are frowning above.
I wander alone in the shadow,
And weep for the one that I love.

I wander alone in the darkness,
And struggle to banish my grief:
But my heart is with you, Dear, without you,
My poor life can know no relief.

Oh my heart cannot leave you and lose you?
It breaks like the tenderest vine.
Come back! Oh forgive! Do not leave me!
Come back, Oh my Darling, Be Mine!

Despair

*H*ow can I sing! How can a mind
Despairing, hold a cheerful thought,
Or soul grief-riven hope to find
A consolation come from naught!
Would music cheer me, as I sound
The merry violin or flute?
Or drive away the grief profound,
That in my bosom holds its root?
How can I sing, when desperate mood,
And darkest influence o'er me bear!
Oh, life of peace, I wish I could,
A moment of thy blessing share!
My brain is wild, my sorrow deep,
Too deep for words, too deep to know.
I am too desperate to weep,
My heart—my soul do over flow.
Could I but know one ray of light,
Oh, see one glimmer of a star,
I'd struggle on thru darkest night—
Wherever lead, however far.
Could I but know one dream of peace,
O God, O Father, I would be
At rest! O then would sorrow cease,
And life move on more tranquilly.

Adieu

 DIEU! Adieu! deceitful maid,
No tear bedims my eye
As now, tho years I have delayed,
I say at last good bye.

Had I a year ago have penned
A brief and cold farewell
My sorrow would have known no end—
My anguish none could tell.

I loved you dearly. Every charm
Enraptured my young heart.
Ah! Knew you not the grievous harm
Coquetry would impart?

My sorrow bore my spirit down.
You took from me my pride.
When love and pride are lost and gone
What is there left beside!

Not only did I love you true
And think of you each day,
Proud girl, I fairly worshiped you
And grieved my youth away.

Beside your window have I crept
And cried with bitter tear,
While you in beauty calmly slept
Nor dreamed that I was near.

Adoring you,—revering you,
With purest motives rife,
So long, so long did I pursue
The hopeless, bitter strife.

To you, bright angel, in my dreams,
My mind did ever roam,
To dwell on fruitless fancy themes
Of love and rest and home.

Within my mind by night or day
Your form and face remained,
You, careless as a child at play
My faithfulness disdained.

But now it's o'er. My youth is flown,
My happiness is past,
My love, my hope forever gone
I live alone at last.

Yet sadly do I gaze above
Those rugged hills which sever
My heart from her I fondly love
Forever and forever.

Oh now farewell! forgive! forget!
Young hearts I pray take warning,
The night is dark and cold. Oh yet
I pray and hope for morning.

Ask Me Not

Ask me not that doleful query
Why apart from joy I tarry,
Why life's path, so dull and dreary,
Lone I plod and do not marry.

Youth and Age

Youth so full of hope and promise.
Age so studious of the past.

Loss of Friendship

Y^ou, too, are turned! No friend so
true

But falsehood breaks the links that bind.
There's none to trust, not even you,
Oh world you are unkind, unkind!

Since love has flown—since torn apart,
The links lie, broken, rusting, dying—
In hope to heal a wounded heart,
To stay the pangs, to dull the dart,
To end the soul's sad sighing—

To drive despair from out my breast,
To stop my life's blood's eking
To give my struggling spirit rest
New friends I have been seeking.

'Tis not that love may come anew
The olden ties to sever,
Those ties all time cannot undue,
They round my heart, and thru and thru,
How firm and fast forever.

Not that I hope to love again
That friendship do I cherish;
But that despair from out my brain
It drives and tends to ease the pain
From which I almost perish.

For this I sought your sunny smile.
Oft when the day was dreary,
Old melancholy to beguile,
I loved with you the time to while
Away. You were so cheery.

I loved to sit on Sunday eve
And talk our school days over,
With you one could not well believe
Himself a love-lorn lover.

But now alas it all is o'er!
Again I lose my treasure.
Farewell, farewell, forever more.
May heaven's blessings be in store
And earth-life full of pleasure.

Who is My Friend Tonight?

I am weary, so weary, of care and of strife!
My strength seems exhausted and gone.
All day where wild tumult and trouble were rife
I have stood in the conflict alone.
Stood and fought,—fought and won, for the
truth and the right.
Ah, who is my friend tonight!

All others stood listless, permitting the wrong,
I rushed in the midst of the fray.
They are safe who remain with the feelingless
throng.
My life is in danger they say,
Because I have put evil doers to flight.
Ah, who is my friend tonight!

I am weary, yes, weary, I long for repose,
Long for rest, home, love, solace and peace.
Life's scenes are so dreary, I long for its close
And pray that all conflict may cease.
Tired, lonesome, and friendless, in such hapless
plight—
Ah, who is my friend tonight!

Dear love, lost so long in the dim, distant years,
Thou for whom my youth's vigor was spent—
Thou for whom these sad eyes have shed oceans
of tears—
O can you not now relent?
Take the good with the bad, count the wrong
with the right—
Are you not my friend tonight?

Dear Father, whose precepts have taught me to
stand
Ever firm for the weak and oppressed;
Dear mother, whose labor with heart and with
hand
Placed that principle deep in my breast;
Thru adversity's vale—or good fortunes proud
height,
In the gloom of the eve, or the morn's gleam-
ing light,
Be it bliss, be it bane, be it bloom, be it blight—
You, I know, are my true friends tonight!

The Sweetest Thought

To me there is no sadder, sweeter thought
Than the thought of loving lives, close linked to-
gether,
Toiling, heart and hand, for those they love.
The gravest, most portentious wrong today,
Is that the ill-got power of enmassed wealth
So burdens down these hopeless, struggling lives
As to make that toil in vain.

Remorse Over Death of Loved One

You wonder, Reta, why no more I come
To see you and spend evenings at
your home.

You wonder why my footsteps never stray
'Mid scenes which cheer the heart and make it gay,
And why, with dreamy look and somber mood
I dwell in dismal gloom and solitude.

Ah, Reta, heavy burdens weight my soul,
Which long have sought to crush life's fractured
bowl.

My sad eyes show—my downcast looks portray
The deep dejection of my life today:
And so in depths of solitude I stroll
To doff the gloomy burden from my soul.

I cannot mingle with the merry throng,
And sing with them life's happy, carefree song.
I'm doomed to roam disconsolate and lone
Until this weary spirit, life, has flown.

Grief's cruel blight upon the mortal tree
Kills all, it seems, save immortality.

I've spent some happy hours of golden days,
With you in your sweet, playful, girlish ways,
Have laughed and smiled and met your beaming
glance

In jolly picnic crew or mazy dance,
Have known you in your spring-time, girlish
bloom—

A budding flower that waft its first perfume.

Dear, when I laugh and talk with you so free
It brings my heart's sad memories to me,
Of times when we together laughed and smiled,
And all with joy the happy hours beguiled:
But now, alas, those halcyon days are o'er!
Her charming smile will never greet me more.
The light and love which beamed from those
dear eyes

Lit up my soul as sun the summer skies.
Her matchless, lovelit features, day or night,
Drew me as silly moth to lurid light—
Thou art not wholly mortal, Love divine,
Alas, no more I hope to call her mine;
But thru the world, with health and spirit spoiled,
My proudest and my noblest efforts foiled,
I now must grope my way till intervenes
That final change which closes earthly scenes.

Oh cruel death! to steal my love away!
My hope, my strength seem gone! 'Tis night!
 No ray

From out the dark illumes the future sky
My life is cold and drear, dear Love, good bye!

My heart sinks at the thought of those lost hours
Of happiness 'mid life's sweet buds and flowers.
Remorse oft thrills me as I feel the loss
And know of happiness I have but dross.

My hope, proud hope, so long my only stay
On wild, distracted wings has flown away,
And courage, bold companion, fearless guide,
Has faltered, sickened, mourned for me and died.

All, all is gone! I'm left no earthly joy.
The dream of happiness is grief's decoy.
And thought of pleasures gone long in the past
Imbue the prayer that such might longer last.

Oh no, I cannot meet your pleasant smile.
To do so it would be but to beguile.
When from the soul no joyous feeling flows,
And in the eyes no sparkling lustre glows,
And in the breast no warm emotions heave,
Why should a mocking smile try to deceive?

I cannot grasp your soft and snowy hand,
With unaffected friendship's faultless band,
Altho 'tis shaped by nature's perfect art.
Another's clasp could thrill my leaping heart.
Her hand could let it beat, or stop my breath;
Could give the bliss of heaven, or chill of death:
And should that hand have made my blood to pour,
My spirit still would love it as before.
She thus controlled my happiness or grief
My life or death—affliction or relief.

I cannot join with you in merry mood,
Oh world of jewells, Reta, if I could!
I dare not call on any one, I would
Communicate my melancholy mood,
And change sweet smiles to looks downcast and
sad;
Distressing those whom otherwise were glad;
Disturbing thoughts to brighter themes confined,
Dispersing all on melancholy wind.
Upon your happy life I cast a blight
By telling you my grief. Illfated night

That robbed of its contentment all your own
Dear life that a moment's ease might be bestow
Upon my own. Ah freely you forgive!
You knew I needed sympathy to live.
'Twas wrong, most wrong to mar your happy lot
By sad and doleful stories best forgot.
Were I to cause you feelings of distress
'Twould mar a life much rather I would bless.
All claims to social joys I must disown,
Till from my life the clouds of sorrow blown,
Leave skies above me hopeful, bright and clear,
Or till cold death shall close the scene so drear.
Yes, I must hold my tongue, nor talk about
My grief, just eke my spirit slowly out.
Aye, bind this cruel vulture to my soul
To eat away thru all life's dreary whole!

Dependency

DAY after the dance—O Delia
My thoughts fly this morning to you!
Musing o'er scenes of last evening,
Brings back my old sorrow anew;

And writing to you in your gladness
Seems somehow to ease the dull pain:
So I open my soul, in its sadness,
To pour forth a sorrowful strain!

I dream, as I gaze o'er the landscape,
Of fountains of joy that are dead—
Of bubbles of bliss that are broken—
Of years and of hopes that are fled!

And my heart still goes on with its aching,
My eyes still cling to that glare
Which bespeaks of that inward sad feeling,
That drives helpless souls to despair.

Last night, mid the sweet, smiling faces,
And eyes with pure merriment bright,
Sometimes for awhile, I could muster a smile,
But 'twas lost in my soul's bitter blight.

I danced: but twas not in that feeling—
That feeling I danced in of yore.
Ah, Delia—those feelings have left me,
That now I may know them no more.

Your smile was so pleasant! it thrilled me
And told me that you were my friend;
But constantly memories filled me
With sorrows that never know end.

Ah, you are so happy in beauty,
You laugh in your sweet girlish glee,
While tears of the bitterest sorrow
Are constantly streaming from me.

Oh, dear, have I done aught to merit
The sorrow that falls to my lot?
Have I sinned against God, or my being?
Believe me true friend I have not!

I have ne'er known the vice of the city.

I drink not, I smoke not nor chew.

I have ne'er waged a dime or committed a crime,

I swear not nor speak that untrue.

I have loved! ah that brought on my sorrow

O God, that I never had been!

Since innocent pleasure I deemed such a treasure

Has caused so much sorrow and sin!

Oh, love not dear friend, for our loving,

Produces such sorrow and woe.

Far better live single forever,

Than mar human happiness so!

My sorrow scarce ceases a moment

I do not know what I shall do!

It added a straw to my burden

Last eve to be doubted by you.

LATER

But nothing can add to my sorrow.

There's nothing can make me more true.

Dear friend, when you once have a lover,

For his sake—for God's sake be true!

Lovelorn

Delia, my heart bursts with anguish!
I do naught but grieve over you.
Long years have now passed since we parted,
But time makes my love no less true.

You still are my darling, my idol,—
The dear little girl that I love,—
O, I love you yet Delia, as dearly,
As human love ever has proved!

I try to forget you, I struggle,
To drive those sad feelings away;
But they sink deep within my torn bosom,
And dwell there by night and by day.

It seems that I ought to forget you,
Since driven forever apart;
But you somehow found place in my being,
Your charm links your heart to my heart.

And as long as the stars shine above you,
As long as the lovelorn have woes,
I will yearn for you dream of you—love you,
Till death makes me turn up my toes.

Constancy

Ye ne'er can love another
As long as life may stand.
No maid the wide world over
Shall hold this heart or hand.
As long as life lasts still shall gleam
My love's undying ember.
I loved her in life's spring time,
I love her in December.
Tho I should wed another,
No love could bless the tie.
My heart pleads on forever,
The grave makes no reply.

Alcohol

That which steals the tender love and mercy
from the heart of man,
That which fills the mother's bosom full of
bitterness and woe,
That which makes of noble family a base,
ignoble clan,
That, of all existing evils, is the greatest
that I know.

Retrospective

• J long for those lost, happy hours
Of life's bright spring so fair;
Its smiling sunshine, budding flowers
And notes of music rare.

In longing sometimes now it seems
I see them as before,
In vain chimeras, hopes and dreams,
I see them all once more.

When life was all a summer day,
And free as blew the wind,
I had no cares to cross my play,
No troubles vexed my mind.

Within the quiet of my home,
By kindest parents blest,
To fold my arms when night had come
And lie in peaceful rest.

To My Landlord

Upon departing from a hotel.

•
I went to bed but did not stay.
I left post haste, and did not pay.
You wonder what came over me?
Look in the lamp and you will see.

A hundred bed bugs bold, and bad,
As fierce as soldiers of Bag Dad,
Appalled my heart with consternation.
Behold their fate! Incineration.

Ten thousand strong, armed cap-a-pie,
Then o'er me thronged with blood in eye,
Assaulting me with mal intent;
So up and out of that I went.

I'm fond of sociability,
And yet in choosing company,
To share my hearth, I must insist
On leaving bed bugs off my list.

Love's Rebuke

It is not enough that poverty
Should place me 'neath your station,
So you can look below and see
My humbly clad condition.

You were not sated with the thought
That you are far superior;
But cruelly and basely sought
To make me feel inferior.

And told to all the city through
The unkind trick you played me.
I thought you friend, I took as true
The words which so betray me.

You smile and sneer and laugh with scorn
And cunningly decry me,
And closely scan my clothes so worn
Whenever you pass by me.

Doloris

THRU meadow land and sylvan glade
To tread the wide world over.
No God to guide a soul betrayed
No hope, no light no lover.

All crossed in love, far, far from home,
No friendship ties to sever,
I'm doomed in hopeless grief to roam
Forever and forever.

Far, far have I wandered from you my dear,
Far, far from the one that I love;
But I love you as truly as when your were near
No distance can ever remove.

Oh write to me, Dear,, write to me!
Divert my mind from grief and gloom.
Relieve me of this misery
That drags me to the tomb.



Hop Tea

By Request.

ONE Charley Humbert sold "Hop Tea,"
Out at the county fair.
Sir Rogers said, "That shall not be."
And frothed and tore his hair.
"Humph! shall we turn the people loose
To drink just what they please?
No, put them in the calaboose,
Or hang them by degrees."
"How do they know what they should drink
Unless they ask of me?
The peoples' rights? Well I dont think!
They shall not have hop tea."
Then did he turn his terriers loose,
This old insidious saint,
And Humbert humped to the calaboose
When Moses made complaint.
Then Uncle Sam's strong arm was brought
By telephone to "pal,"
And nation, state and city sought
To "crush the criminal."
He had not taken life nor limb,
Committed robbery,
Nor any crime; but, woe to him,
For selling cold hop tea.

He had not tarried late at cards,
Nor the ruby goblet quaffed—
Swiped county funds nor lumber yards,
Nor worked Almaden's graft;
He had not hounded down his foes
And sacrificed his friends,
Inflicting many cruel woes
To gain his selfish ends;

Nor any crime in any clime
On earth committed he;
Yet all is woe, his cake is dough:
He sold some cold hop tea!
But Humbert whipped him on the street,
And in the courts went free,
And Uncle Sam dont care a jam
For selling cold hop tea.

A learned note then Moses wrote
And published far and wide,
Condemning citizens by note.
Now Emmert wants his hide.
And Rogers too, is feeling blue,
And did apologize,
For fear that Sam would cuss and damn
And maybe black his eyes.

A maxim true, altho not new:—
It may be well to mind it,
Who seeks for strife in western life—
Is very sure to find it.
If there were to the devil due
A thousand Meddling Matties,
The Judge and Hank would pay the bill
With one thrown in free gratis.

The Conqueror

By Gertrude Crumb Harman.

*N*OT arrayed 'neath flaunting banners,
Not proclaimed by bugle note,
Nor a peal of deafening thunder
From the cannon's brazen throat;
Not with blare of martial music,
Nor with roll of throbbing drums,
From the blood-stained fields of carnage,
The world's true conqueror comes;
But his face is mild and radiant,
With a light as from above:
Yet, before him bows the universe
This conqueror's name is Love.

You Hold My Heart Forever

Y ou hold my heart forever, Dear,
Tho years and years go by;
I have not strength to sever, Dear,
Our young love's tender tie.

I know that you are lost to me,
Forever from my life;
I know my soul must ever be
Involved in ceaseless strife;
I know that thoughts of you can bring
Me naught but grief and pain:
Yet to some phantom hope I cling.
I cannot break the chain.

Too well do I remember, Dear,
The sweet, yet bitter past.
My life is now December, Dear,
It's summer flew so fast.

Well I recall the happy June
Love's blossoms strewed the way.
Our young hearts then, in sweet attune,
Beat merrily thru the day.

Those bonds that grew so firm and strong,
Thru years of sweet communion,
Hold firm and fast—Oh long, so long,
Should be their happy union!

Our barks must now drift wide apart
On life's cold, dreary ocean;
But yours will ever hold my heart.
Mine is but void commotion.

Yours, Dear, will ever hold my heart,
While in my soul's deep center,
Since wrecked by disappointment's art,
Can naught but anguish enter.

Oh, summer bloom is past and gone,
And winter winds are here,
The flying snow comes swiftly down
To enshroud the dying year;
But winter blast, or summer bloom,
'Tis all the same to me.
My heart is buried in the tomb.
Welcome eternity!

Farewell, oh love, forgive forget,
My heart-strings break to sever.
Dear heart, may you be happy yet,
Farewell, farewell forever!

All Is O'er

 **A**LL is o'er! I have burned up your letters.
The last leaf is crisped in the flame.
All is o'er! I have broken the fetters,
My freedom, my life to reclaim.

I have given you back ev'ry token
You gave me in days that are past,
And in spite of all vows, kept or broken,
We part now forever at last.

All is o'er! As I look at the ashes,
That crumble and fade from my sight,
My heart pains as if pierced in deep gashes
Inflicted with cruellest might;
And I think how my future is blighted—
How my love and my life seem in vain—
How you changed from the love that you plighted,
And all bring but sorrow and pain.

All is o'er! far too far for retracing,
Our pathways divided have grown,
And each heart, changed beyond all replacing,
Must bear life's deep sorrows alone.
Be it so! but yield not unto sorrow.
The heart sore bereft of earth-love
May perchance on some happy tomorrow
Find comfort and solace above.

Oh the tender and sweet recollection,
That haunts my dull memory still,
Hurls me back into deepest dejection—
Has ever, and—yes—ever will!
Be it so! Were my life to live over,
With all of its pleasure and pain,
I would seek her and woo her and love her
Tho I knew I would lose her again.

The Blossom and Briar

A Song

A blossom and briar grew side by side,
In the garden of good one day.
The blossom was wooed and the briar defied,
While the years they were passing away.
Said the thorn to the rose—"I have never a smile.
You are petted and wooed all the day."
Said the rose "You've a mien of defiance the
while,
And I smile like the beams of the May."
There are blossoms and briars on the path of life.
Let us choose as we trudge the way.
Be a blossom of ease, not a briar of strife,
While the years they are passing away.
To the years and the tears that are gone in the
past,
Farewell, oh forever and aye!
Wear the rose of contentment that ever may last,
While the years they are passing away.

Optimism

The things which we in visions see,
Are heralds of the things to be;
For what we dream, we do.
Desires which in our beings burn,
The hopes with which our bosoms yearn,
Are destined to come true

Silence

By Gertrude Crumb Harman

O Silence, mystic goddess of the night,
With tranquil brow, adorned in beauty
bright,
What sweet and healing balm is in thy face,
To give tired hearts a new strength-giving grace!
Thy presence gives us solace and relief,
Becalms our wildest joy—assuages grief.
So calm and beautiful, composed, serene,
It makes a heaven out of any scene.
Away from men, and all discordant sounds,
Alone with thee, what solemn peace abounds!
Above, the mighty stars revolve in space,
And earthly scenes draw beauty from thy face.
Majestic, mystic goddess from above
Imbue our hearts with a diviner love,
Inspire our minds to greater wisdom so
We know our highest duty here below.

Manilla Bay

By Gertrude Crumb Harman.

THE bells were ringing, peal on peal,
And the flags were flying free;
And the hot-lipped guns boomed loud and deep
For the victory over the sea:
Over the sea in Manilla bay,
Where the Spanish fleet went down.

The Sabbath air was hot and thick,
And pierced by shot and shell;
And the cannon's roar, and the dying shriek
Were the counter part of hell:
Over the sea in Manilla bay,
Where the Spanish fleet went down.

We knelt in prayer that Sabbath morn,
And we prayed to the God of love:
"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done
On earth, as it is above,"
While over the sea, in Manilla bay,
The Spanish fleet went down.

The Afterglow

By Gertrude Crumb Harman.

• *A*FTER the glow of the noonday sun,
After the day its course has run,
After the glare and bustle and heat,
There comes a peace that is calm and sweet.
The fiery sun sinks low to rest,
, Mid flaming clouds, far in the west:
Then softly, gently, stealing slow,
Comes on the golden afterglow.

The soft and mellow beams of light
Stem for awhile the flood of night,
And tiny stars, like brilliant gems,
Deep-set in golden diadems,
In dazzling beauty, twinkle so
And blend in the gleam of the afterglow.

Farewell to tiresome toil and care.
All nature kneels in silent prayer,
While the soft rays dimmer, dimmer grow
In the mellow, roseate, afterglow.

As I idly sit in the waning light
And watch the silent, star-lit night,
As she trails her sparkling, sable shroud
O'er the edge of the rosy, tinted cloud,
It seems from my heart the burdens roll,
And a calm, sweet peace steals o'er my soul.

May the passions of men like the heat of the sun
Be cooled and calmed e'er their course is run.
As they sink to rest and fade and go,
May they leave a peaceful afterglow.

Like the light in the west when the sun has set,
Sweet memories linger and cheer us yet.
No fiery passion the heart then feels,
But roseate joy thru our being steals,
And a deeper holier, joy we know
As we feel in our souls the afterglow.
The strongest emotion of pleasure will bring
Some feeling of pain, some grief, some sting.
Mourn not past joys as we see them go,
For there yet remains the afterglow.

Joy

By Gertrude Crumb Harman

O
H life is a beautiful, beautiful thing!
Where gay flowers bloom and glad birds
sing,
And streams flow ever in musical rhyme,
And the sun to the heavens each day doth climb,
And send his beams from his throne above—
Oh, life is abounding with joy and love!

A Gentleman

By Gertrude Crumb Harman.

H
E is a gallant gentleman,
And wears the blandest smile.
His clothes are always sure to be
In just the latest style.
His hair—cut a la brush heap,
Hangs o'er his noble brow,
Behind, cut a la convict.
He makes the finest bow
Of any one you ever saw,
And takes the utmost pains
To keep his boots like mirrors.
All, all he lacks is brains.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper p
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

Preservation Technology

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 897 491 5

